



# THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA GATEWAY

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Kevin Gulayets

Arts student Jason Cobb admires the new alumni wall in SUB, dreaming of what he could be when he grows up. There are many accomplished former U of A students up there. Go check it out.

## The U of A is still looking for a leader

by Gabriel Fantino

The University of Alberta is looking for a few good men and women.

The Presidential Search Committee has been in the process of finding a new president to replace Paul Davenport. Now they want your help.

The committee is holding a forum on Thursday in the Tory Lecture theatre from 4pm to 6pm where it invites the public to speak up on what kind of president they want.

The committee is intended "to cover a wide range of various constituencies" in the University and the community, according to chairman and U of A chancellor Sandy MacTaggart.

"We have faculty members, non-academic staff, undergraduate and graduate students on the committee. We have been advertising in many different publications, both nationally and internationally, asking for candidates for the position. That is open until March 21 which is coming to a close soon."

Anxious to present the Board of Governors with a candidate or possibly a list of candidates, the committee has appointed consulting

firm Heidrich and Struggles to assist them in checking candidate credentials.

Candidates and the public are being given the committee's situation report called *Challenges and Opportunities* in order to "lay out what the committee felt was the situation at the University and some of the problems it faces," he said.

MacTaggart declined naming any strong candidates. "It is far too early for that. Anyway, it is a confidential process." Meetings were held last weekend between interested parties and the committee to determine the profile of candidates for the presidency—Thursday's forum will also guide the search, said MacTaggart.

"By the end of April we will have a long list of candidates. In May some of those candidates will be weeded out for one reason or another and we can then start interviewing the short list," he said. "We hope that sometime in June we will be able to recommend a candidate or candidates to the Board [of Governors] who will then want to interview them again and make the final

decision. It's hard to say exactly how long it will take."

"We are on a very tight schedule

this time. Usually it takes quite a bit longer, but we feel it is going to be very advantageous if we can have a

new president by June since president Davenport ends his contract on July 1," he added.

## Hackery not yet done

by Terra Tailleux

Elections are not over yet.

Students still have to mark their choices for their faculty representatives on Students' Council and General Faculties Council. But depending on the faculty, this year there may be more candidates to choose from.

"It's quite a bit higher," said Vela Tadic, the Arts Faculty Association Deputy Returning Officer, of the number of Arts students running this year. There are twelve students contesting eight GFC representative seats and six running for five Council seats.

Tadic believes there are more candidates for GFC because there are "a lot of meetings where students can voice their opinions [over documents like *Quality First*]."

The faculty of Science also has an increased number of candi-

dates. This year marks the first time in ten years that elections will be held, because in previous years the numbers of candidates was so low that applicants were simply acclaimed.

But only five Business students are running for the three GFC positions and two have applied for the position of faculty of Business representative.

"We extended the nomination deadline...because we wanted to give more people who had expressed interest time," said Business Deputy Returning Officer Sarah Guenette. But she adds that it is quite possible the positions will be won by acclamation, as has often been the case.

"I think it is mainly because people don't get involved that way," Guenette explains. "A lot of times they don't know what the position

stands for."

The situation is similar in the faculty of Rehabilitation Medicine. DRO Jennifer Stodler says there has only been one application for faculty Council representative so far and two for GFC.

"I think a lot of it is because it is such a small faculty. A lot of people don't want to run against their friends," Stodler explains.

"If all the representatives from all the faculties show up they can turn down a lot of proposals [like *Quality First*]," notes Tadic.

Faculty councillors are responsible for management and control of the Students' Union and its resources. General Faculties Council, chaired by the University president, is the University's highest academic authority. It regulates all matters subject to the authority of the Board of Governors.



Reminiscing on the year that was.  
See Sports, pages 17 & 18.

"worms are words,  
but joy's the voice."  
—ee cummings



Fish talks about fish.  
See page 10.



# Honouring those who came before

by Jay Brown

Where the wake-a-thon fell slightly short of the mark, the University's Alumni Association has come through with flying colours.

The Alumni Association presented Students' Union president Terence Filewych with an \$18,000 cheque for renovations to the Students' Union Building Tuesday. The cheque was handed out as part of a ceremony opening the Alumni Wall at the lounge in the north end of SUB.

Eight distinguished alumni were honoured at the ceremony by having their contributions to the University and the world community listed on the wall.

The eight included missionary doctor Helen Huston, former University Chemistry professor Ray Lemieux, Trans-Canada Pipeline CEO Gerald Maier, Supreme Court justice Beverly McLachlin, businessman David McLean, Spruce Meadows co-founder Margaret Southern, Nobel-laureate Richard

Taylor, and philanthropist Francis Winspear.

After introducing the inductees, University president Paul Davenport noted that "The eight alumni here today were once in your shoes."

Inductee David McLean, whose wife is the great-granddaughter of former Alberta premier and U of A founder Alexander Rutherford, spoke on behalf of the alumni honoured.

"I would like to reflect on how proud... Alexander Rutherford would have been on this day," he said in reference to the accomplishments of many former and current students.

McLean told an audience that included many students that it is the University experience that truly educates, not the degree earned.

"So students, don't be afraid to jump off the mountain. You'll only fall a little before getting up to do it again," he said. He also noted that success was not counted merely in

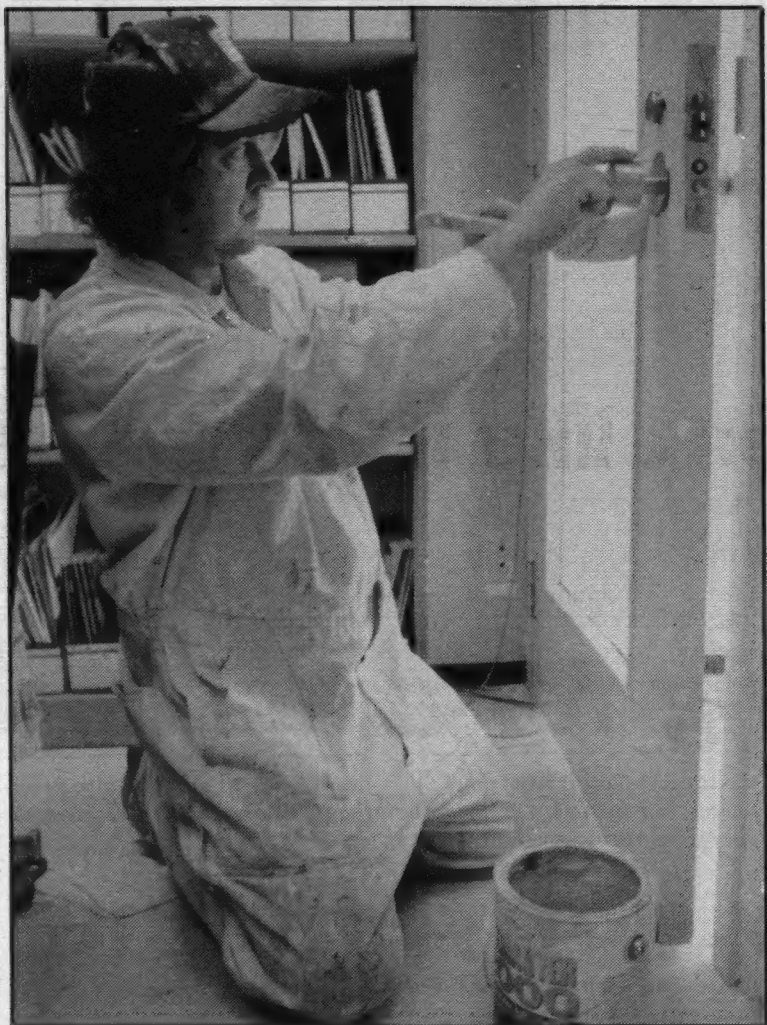


Kevin Gulayets

**U of A president Paul Davenport, alumni association president Dr. Bryun Sigfstead, and SU prez Terence Filewych.**

financial terms, but rather in the impact one has on the lives of others. Following the speeches, Davenport and Filewych cut the ribbon to open the alumni room.

Other inductees not present included former premier Peter Lougheed and former prime minister Joe Clark.



Kevin Gulayets

The construction team takes over the offices.

## Burnin' down the house CJSR invites the demolition crew in

by Juliet Williams

The walls are coming down at CJSR.

No, the on-campus radio station hasn't been taken over, but they are undergoing renovations right now.

"The main reason we're doing it is because we had no space for our record library and it keeps growing," says program manager Christine Chomiak.

The staff of CJSR have been busy moving the record collection to the new, bigger area for the past few days. "My arms are very sore today," laughs Chomiak.

The move will mainly benefit deejays, who Chomiak says have run into problems with the out-of-the-way location the records had before. They were also locked up.

"We got a lot of complaints from deejays that they'd have to run halfway across the station to pull a request."

Administrative manager Zelekash Alemu says the total cost of the renovations will be around \$8000, and were undertaken primarily because of the lack of space

Chomiak alluded to.

"It's mainly for the convenience of the deejays—they didn't know

**"We got a lot of complaints from deejays that they'd have to run halfway across the station to pull a request."**

**—CJSR program manager Christine Chomiak**

what was happening on air [when they were pulling records]."

The renovations, the culmination of two years' worth of planning, will also attempt to utilize the station's space more effectively, since currently there is some wasted space like a long corridor, which will be eliminated.

Other changes will include a reception area to greet people coming to the station, and more private offices for the station's executive.

Before, "executive offices were in the middle so people had to walk right through to get across."

The only physical thing that won't be changing at CJSR is the deejay booth.

Chomiak says there is a lot of complex wiring and soundproofing already installed there to keep it quiet.

"With all the wiring for our booth, it would simply cost too much to do anything with that at this time."

Things should be back to normal around CJSR in a week or so.

**Gateway staffer meeting. This Friday. Three p.m. We're talking '80s and lots of jokes.**

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# From the U of A to Stanford to Stockholm

## Nobel Laureate Richard Taylor on fame, Canada, and the meaning of science

Dr. Richard Taylor is the only graduate of the University of Alberta to have ever been awarded the Nobel Prize, which he shared in 1990 for his work on the Stanford Linear Accelerator Centre, which proved the existence of quarks, the sub-atomic particles that make up matter. Dr. Taylor was at the university this week to deliver lectures and to be inducted onto the Alumni Wall of Recognition in SUB. He spoke to Gateway News Editor Jay Brown Wednesday.

**Gateway:** You've won the Nobel Prize. Has that changed the way you do your job? Has it changed the way people approach you at school or in the lab?

Richard Taylor: At the university where I'm at there are thirteen Nobel Prizes at the moment, so they're not that special. And it doesn't affect my life with the people in the laboratory. It has affected my life a little outside of the laboratory. Now it's easier to kick down doors in Ottawa and Washington.

**So you don't have people buying you drinks in bars, then?**

No, you're essentially unrecognized. I said once in a similar conversation that I could go anywhere and nobody would recognize me, and the next day in a restaurant somebody did. It was a former student of mine who recognized my picture in the paper, and so he bridged the twenty years since he'd seen me by the picture.



Richard Taylor, distinguished alumnus.

Kevin Gulayets

**What are you working on now?**

For some time now I've been working on experiments which are similar to the experiment that won the Nobel Prize, which are now going on in Hamburg, in Germany.

**So far you are the only U of A graduate who has won a Nobel Prize. Would you say that the experiences you have had here at the University have helped you in your career?**

Well, everybody's education

hangs with him for the rest of his life. You can never get away from it.

Dr. Davenport mentioned yesterday at the dedication ceremony that you have a particular interest in the state of Science here in Canada...

Well, I've certainly spoken out when I've been given the chance, here [in Edmonton] and in Ottawa for that matter. But I think about

**"Everybody's education hangs with him for the rest of his life. You can never get away from it."**

**— Nobel-laureate and U of A alumnus Richard Taylor**

Science in Canada, I haven't been totally disconnected from it all this time. I keep track of what physicists do here. Now that I have a platform I use it.

**How do we stack up in Canada, in terms of scientific exploration and experimentation?**

There are some very good scientists here in Canada, and some very good scientists right here at the University of Alberta. But generally Canadian science is a part of North American science, and it's a

relatively small part. We do our share, and a lot of us do our share in the States. There have been seven Canadian Nobel Prize winners since Lester Pearson won his, and every one of the Canadian-born Nobel Prize winners has worked and won the Nobel Prize in the United States. There are some in Canada who won the Prize for work they've done here, but they didn't come from Canada.

**What are some of the spinoffs of the work you've done?**

We don't know yet. It'll be another fifty years or a hundred years before they know that. This is not the kind of research that pays off on a short time scale. This is essentially knowledge, it'll sit there, and later on it may or may not be so interesting. When I first went to Stanford, my fellow students were working on fundamental things like this, and I can tell you what happened to those things. One of the students five years later invented the first laser, but at the time he wasn't working on how to play records better. It's because you understand things that you can do them, but until you can see what problems they apply to you don't know what's going to happen.

**Dear News Editor Gabe: I hope you know News writing better than you do the days of the week.**

## Quality First: Why teachers don't like it

by Juliet Williams

Have you ever been to a "learn-in"?

If you have, it wasn't in this world, because the faculty of Education is holding the "World's first learn-in on the Davenport/McDonald document *Quality First*" this Friday.

According to Allen Pearson, the chair of Educational Foundations, and one of the learn-in's organizers, said the goal of the learn-in is to "put forward [the faculty of] Education's viewpoints on the proposals in *Quality First*."

*Quality First*, the University's restructuring plan released in February, proposed \$5 million in cuts to the faculty of Education and a complete restructuring of both the undergraduate and graduate Education degrees. In addition, one of the proposals suggested that students be enrolled in two years of an Arts or Science degree before they transfer to the faculty of Education.

"They made decisions about what a person needs to learn to become a teacher without consulting the faculty of Education," says Pearson.

"We feel that those closest to educating teachers are the best

qualified to make those decisions."

Organizers of the learn-in have been distributing a list of Ten Good Reasons to oppose *Quality First* and attend the learn-in, including:

**"We feel that those closest to educating teachers are the best qualified to make those decisions."**

**— Allen Pearson, chair, Education Foundations**

"*Quality First* seriously jeopardizes the quality of future teachers who will be responsible for our children's education."

Pearson notes that with ever-increasing challenges in the classroom, teachers need more thorough training and knowledge while in University to equip them for potential problems.

"They are asking us to reduce the number of Education courses and replace them with Arts and

Science courses....It's not clear to us at all that Arts and Science are going to be able to meet those challenges to education."

Pearson and others will be trying to let other members of the campus community know that increasing pressures in the classroom need more intense Education courses, not fewer.

"Education courses will best help teachers deal with these sorts of problems in the classroom."

The learn-in, which commences at 1pm, will be followed by a peaceful procession around campus where leaflets will be distributed and a public statement made.

Pearson said the faculty has already expressed its opinion on the changes recommended in *Quality First* to various members of boards and committees which will be voting on the budget cuts.

"We also wanted to do something to let campus as a whole know our position," notes Pearson. "I just

hope people come, because it is important."

The Academic Review Committee, a subcommittee of General Faculties Council which will be voting on *Quality First*, voted to accept the proposal's suggestions for Education on Wednesday.

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Professor Williams is the author of the book *The American Indian in Western Legal Thought: The Discourses of Conquest* (1990), co-editor of *Federal Indian Law: Cases and Materials* 3rd ed. (1993), as well as a Justice of the Court of Appeal of the Pascua Yaqui Indian Tribe in Arizona.

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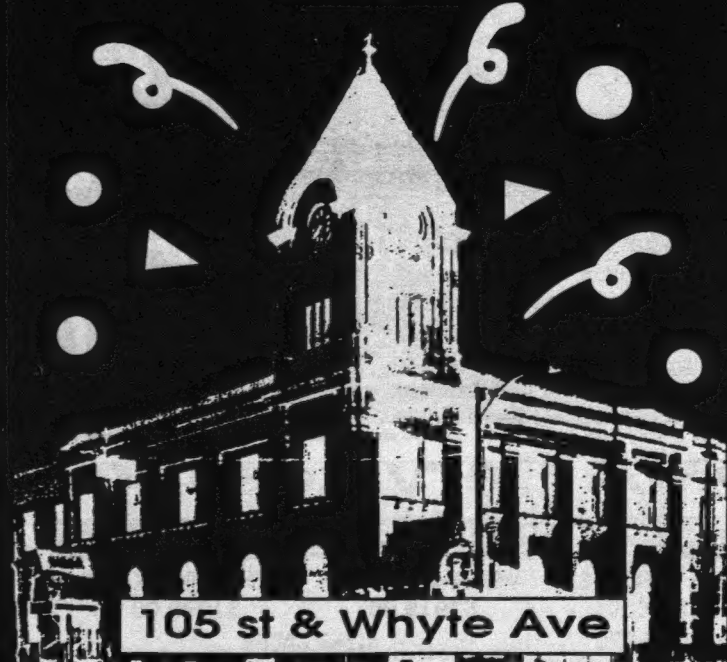


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## Blood needed now

by Chris Jackel

Instead of students calmly eating their lunches, CAB will be full of people lying around and slowly bleeding this week.

The Red Cross mobile blood donation clinic is back. It will be open in CAB between 10am and 2pm until Friday.

The need for blood type O negative is especially critical.

"Collections at the University of Alberta are down by approximately 50 per cent from previous years," said Thelma Kellogg, the Mobile Registrar.

"Compared to other Canadian universities of the same size, the U of A is not doing well at all. There is a population of almost 30,000 students here. You would not think that it would be hard to meet our goal."

Organizers had hoped to collect 180 units a day for the three day campaign, but they had not met that target by the end of the first day. Each donation is one unit, or 450ml. Due to the number of people who find they are unable to donate because they are on prescriptions or for other reasons, almost 250 people must register for the clinic to collect 180 units.

"A simple operation may take four or five units, but a liver transplant may take up to 150. As well, some leukemia patients may need six to eight units a day," said Sandra Brown of the Red Cross.

You are eligible to donate if you have not donated in the past 70 days. Starting May 1, the waiting period between donations will be reduced to 56 days.



David Dubois, donating vital life.

Kevin Gulayets

"There are people out there that need this, and it does not cost me anything," said Arlene Lipkewich, a first year Education student who was donating in CAB. "What could be better than giving of yourself?"

she added.

Donors are reminded to eat a meal before donating and to bring a piece of identification with either a picture or signature such as a driver's licence or a credit card.

## In search of dinner

by Juliet Williams

Pack up that bag of food and head to Safeway.

No, that's not the wrong way around. That's what Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity wants you to do this Saturday, when they're holding their third annual food drive then at the Garneau Safeway.

"The first year we raised about 3700 pounds of food, and last year we almost doubled it to 7500," says Lambda Chi president and food drive chairman Hartley Harris.

This year the group is hoping to raise about 10,000 pounds of food to donate to the Edmonton Food

Bank.

Members distributed bags with flyers highlighting the event to sur-

**"Last year we were told we were the largest one-day food drive in the city next to Heritage Days."**

**—Hartley Harris, Lambda Chi Alpha**

rounding areas including Belgravia, McKernan, Glenora, Crestwood and Parkview on Wednesday.

But there will be more to the day than simply packing up the food people drop off on Saturday, according to Harris.

"We'll have about four of us selling coke and hot dogs to raise money for the Food Bank as well." He said local media will be on hand to encourage people to come down and bring some food.

The fraternity is proud of their now annual event which helps food bank users get by in times of need.

"Last year we were told we were the largest one-day food drive in the city next to Heritage Days," said Harris.

## Physics prof will be missed

Professor George Leslie Cumming was born in 1930 in Saskatoon. He obtained a Bachelor of Arts at the University Toronto in 1951, an M.A. at the University of Saskatchewan in 1953 and a Ph.D at U of T in 1955.

There he married Eva, his life-long companion and mother of their three children, Stephen, Paul and Anne.

After spending four years with British American Oil as senior geophysicist, he came to the U of A as an assistant professor in the department of Physics. He was appointed associate professor in 1962 and professor of Physics in 1969.

In the years following, Cumming served as director of the Institute of Earth and Planetary Physics from 1981 to 1985 and was chair of Physics from 1984 to 1988.

In Cumming's 35 years with the U of A, he published almost 100

papers on a range of topics including seismology, half life measurements of radioactive nuclides, detailed systematics lead isotopes in rocks and minerals, and environmental contamination studies.

Cumming's contributions to the U of A will be missed with his recent passing.

His work was truly international in scope and Cumming collaborated with and enjoyed the respect of scientists from many countries around the world. His research contributed substantially to our understanding of the nature of the crustal lithosphere.

Scientists from laboratories around the world have visited the mass spectrometry laboratory at the U of A to learn analytical techniques developed there, because only a few laboratories in the world are capable of producing such high precision data.

These collaborations together with a career-long association with the department of Geology at the U of A have resulted in a stream of graduate students who have learned under Cumming's guidance.

Professor Cumming devoted his career to the department of Physics and saw it triple in size over the years. He enjoyed the camaraderie of his friends, the love of his family and the respect of his colleagues.

In addition to his career, Cumming had a wide range of interests. His favourite pastimes were music, (he was an accomplished piano and guitar player), and wood-working. He was a good husband, loving father, and an inspiration to his children and everyone around him, but most of all, he was a good, kind human being. We have lost a good friend.



# English prof aims for student success



Kevin Gulayets

Juliet McMaster in the office where *Juvenilia Press* was born.

by Chris Riedmueller

The "essentials [of a university] have to do with the pursuit of an idea," says University of Alberta English professor Juliet McMaster.

This year, McMaster joins respected writers and scholars including Charles Taylor and Margaret Atwood in receiving the honourable Canada Council Molson Prize for the Humanities.

Two of these prestigious academic awards are distributed each year: one in the humanities and another in the social sciences. The \$50,000 prize recognizes outstanding contributions to Canada's intellectual and cultural life.

"Students who have been through an Arts degree have not been given a vocational training but they have been given a mental training which enables them to adapt to many other things," notes McMaster. She believes it is easy for students in Arts and Science to become easily demoralized in these times of fiscal constraint and unemployment.

Such recognition as the Molson Prize not only helps the reputation and morale of the University and specifically the departments of humanities during these tough times, but it also encourages Arts students who have a perception that only vocational training will bring

employment, according to McMaster.

In teaching nineteenth century literature, McMaster brings many aspects of her life into her work, including husband Rowland, another U of A English professor and

**"Students who have been through an Arts degree have not been given a vocational training but they have been given a mental training which enables them to adapt to many other things."**

—English professor Juliet McMaster

a Charles Dickens expert.

When teaching children's literature as scholarship, she sometimes brings to the classroom the responses and insights of her own children's observations on the text.

Such attention to detail has brought McMaster recognition on and off campus.

She believes in "putting things into practice [in the classroom] in a way that engages us all."

McMaster's classes are energetic and interactive as she introduces her students to every level of literary scholarship. To this end, she

has overseen her classes' publication of various volumes, which have received recognition in literary journals worldwide.

McMaster introduces her students to "the whole apparatus of scholarship." To excite them about the entire endeavour, she begins by putting young scholars in contact with the works of young writers. Thus, she has guided her classes in the research, annotation, illustration and editing of several volumes of short stories written by such authors as Jane Austen before they turned 20.

McMaster says she would like to move education from the abstracts of the classroom to the practical world of professional scholarship.

Her projects have grown so much that McMaster has been able to start her own separate press. The *Juvenilia Press* is an "enterprise that combines scholarship and pedagogy."

All profits from the work produced by her and her classes were originally reinvested in the production of subsequent volumes and eventually into various literary charities.

It is not surprising that someone who views it as only appropriate to introduce apprentice scholars to apprentice writers see the library as "the heart of the University."

## Ribbons for a happy Canada

by Jay Brown

How do you express the point that you are tolerant? One way to do so is to shell out five bucks for a multi-coloured ribbon.

The ribbons are the brain child of Jasmin Gerwein, an immigrant and a translator from Kuwait. They are being sold this week as part of the International Week for the Elimination of Racism. It is a week that was proclaimed by the United Nations in commemoration of the Sharpesville massacre.

Some of the proceeds of the sale of the ribbons will go towards the Rainbow Society of Alberta, a charity which grants wishes to terminally ill children. The rest of the proceeds will be put toward the cost of the ribbons.

Gerwein said she came up with

the idea for the ribbon campaign last year when then-Community Development minister Dianne Mirosh made remarks advocating preferential immigration policies for immigrants who speak English.

**"I think of Canada as opening its arms to immigrants from all over the world."**

—Jasmin Gerwein, International Week for the Elimination of Racism

"We're all immigrants," said Gerwein of her adopted homeland. "I think of Canada as opening its arms to immigrants from all over the world."

The ribbons are made up of red, white, black, yellow, and brown

ribbons held in place by a maple leaf. The colours are meant to represent all of the races of the world, which can be found in Canada. The idea, she said, was simple.

"I did some creative thinking and came up with the idea for the ribbons."

While Gerwein doesn't believe the ribbons will stop racism, she hopes they will "open a forum of communication to open people's minds" to the issue of racism.

The ribbons will not just be sold this week. Gerwein says she already has plans to sell them at Heritage Days and on July 1, Canada Day.

Gerwein's campaign continues into next week, when she delivers presentations on tolerance to elementary school children.

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# OPINION

Managing Editor Fish Griwowsky 492-5178

## The Almighty Buck

The Sports Network, otherwise known as TSN, claims to be Canada's sports network. Televising all the important events that Canada stakes a claim to. What a joke.

This past weekend the CIAU Men's National Basketball Championship was held in historic Halifax, Nova Scotia. It was the showcase of Canadian University basketball and featured the top eight teams in the nation. TSN was there. It was their show too, after all they boast about how swell a job they do covering University sport in this country.

Sunday afternoon was the main event. The McMaster Marauders and the Alberta Golden Bears in the final. It was a hell of a game and an excellent example of the quality athletes who are competing at our universities.

TSN had its cameras set up and rolling. The only problem was that Canada's sports network also had their cameras rolling for pre-season major league baseball, live from Florida, USA. The Bears and Marauders had to take a back seat and were pre-empted because the Montreal Expos and New York Yankees were showing off minor league talent that may be ready for the show in a few years.

A pre-season baseball game was more important to TSN than a basketball game that was the climax of a seven month university basketball season where Canadian kids put everything they had on the line.

"It's because of viewership," is what some PR lady at TSN told me.

Viewership. They had to sell a few more beer commercials and rake in the almighty buck. Meanwhile, Golden Bears captain Scott Karaim played in the game of his life and capped off his five year university career with a national title. After the game he was so excited he would have liked to phone his family back in Edmonton because they would be surely celebrating his triumph as well. But he had to wait because his folks wouldn't see the tip off until two hours after the game had ended and Karaim and his mates had finished celebrating. He didn't want to spoil their excitement, and since TSN was running the game on tape delay, Scott's family had to wait.

If TSN was truly Canada's sports network Scott Karaim's family and the rest of the nation would have watched the game live and witnessed a truly Canadian sports moment when the Bears held up their trophy at centre court in Halifax.

—Bob Hall, Sports Editor

## UNIVERSITY STATION IN 2005...



## THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA GATEWAY

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## L E T T E R S

### A MOTE IN GOD'S EYE

I share the pleasure expressed in your lead letter of March 15 ("Admin Absent") from an M. Kahal (Science IV), with regard to the Bears' victory over UBC to win the Canada West basketball championship on March 5. It was an even greater thrill for me two weeks later in Halifax to see the Bears win the national championship with hard fought victories over St. Mary's, Brandon, and McMaster. Coach Don Horwood and his team have made all of us at the University of Alberta very proud.

M. Kahal, however, suggests that I did not attend the March 5 game ("It really shows the students of this university how little the administration cares about our achievements"). In fact, my daughter Audrey and I were in our usual spot (first row, right behind the Bears' bench) where we saw Pandas and Bears basketball games throughout the season. Moreover, before the March 5 game, Coach Horwood presented me with a basketball signed by the team, and after the game I presented medals to both teams. I was introduced as President for these presentations at centre court, so I wonder at M. Kahal's inability to locate me.

With me on March 5 were four of the Vice-Presidents (including Dr.

Stanford, whom M. Kahal also identifies as missing) and two Associate Vice-Presidents, so the Administration was definitely not "absent." Perhaps M. Kahal's census took place at halftime when I ran over to SUB to bring greetings to the U of A Mixed Chorus 50th Anniversary Concert, which was also an outstanding event.

In conclusion, GOPANDAS!, GO BEARS!, and let's get more fans (including students) out to all our athletic events next season.

Paul Davenport  
President

### Ezra Levant Disturbing

As part of a group that strives to promote understanding of the complex issues surrounding the Middle East, I found Ezra Levant's article, "the PLO Propagandists", to be rather disturbing. Because of the barbaric massacre of innocent Palestinians in a Hebron mosque committed by Dr. Baruch Goldstein, the fledgling peace agreement between Israel and the PLO is rapidly unravelling. As such, those purportedly concerned about the Middle East should be constructively critical, rather than smugly disparaging or outright prejudiced.

Neglecting to even acknowledge the grisly massacre, Mr. Levant set about "discrediting" previous articles on the basis that they were

written by Canadians of Arab descent. Because these authors dared to denounce the atrocity in occupied Hebron, he collectively labelled them "PLO propagandists".

For his part, Mr. Levant seemed obsessed with the perceived discrepancy in the death toll between authors. Does Mr. Levant truly believe that an exact number will alter the fact that innocent lives were savagely taken in a house of God? Had Mr. Levant followed this tragedy from the start he would have realized that the death toll at the mosque has varied from account to account, until more details became known.

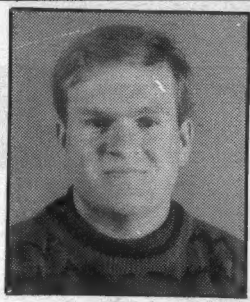
Besides his blatant prejudice against Arab-Canadians, what I found frightening, if not downright insulting, was his covert attempt to play on the fears of average Canadians; by reinforcing the ugly stereotype of Arabs as terrorists, he sowed an "us" versus "them" mentality in the unsuspecting minds of many. In this way, he attempts to delegitimize our voice on the basis of one's national heritage—and this is something we Canadians should never tolerate.

Especially pathetic was Mr. Levant's conclusion where he openly revealed that the key to winning favor with the average Canadian is to "pretend to like Canada" while concealing your true feelings.

Moron Page Ten...



## V A R I E D T H O U G H T S



Christopher Spencer

## I am Woman, hear me purr!!

Perhaps this is the right moment to declare a champion in the battle of the sexes: men win, women lose.

In retrospect this result was never really in doubt, and the press should apologise for all the hype surrounding what turned out to be a first-round TKO. An impending feminist revolution? Snort! Like a professional wrestling match, the battle between the sexes never really got beyond the smoke and mirrors stage, largely because most of the female soldiers halted their advance at the mirror to check for skin blemishes.

Now, tsk, tsk, tsk, don't you be angry with me, dear ladies. My tone is ironic, and warranted, I think, by a recent survey of self-described feminist women, 78 per cent of whom testified that they wear cosmetics every day! For many, I imagine the habit is more expensive than nicotine or alcohol, but if it makes you feel good, if it increases your self-esteem....

Uh-uh. If you feel you must paint your face before confronting the new day, if you presume that your value as a person increases when you are "made up," if you believe that the cover is really that much more important than content—heck, this isn't the sort of stuff that generates respect, don't you know!

Cosmetics make women look like clowns. Beauty radiates from the centre of a person; any kid who watches public television can tell you that. If you want to be judged

by your ability to colour your cheeks, run away and join the circus.

And the congenial excuse that hunks prefer chicks who are made up must warm the ovaries of those few women who can resist the temptation to paint their faces. Look, any male of the species who measures attractiveness by the thickness of a woman's lipstick probably isn't the catch of the century. Can't offer any statistical proof, but I believe that a woman

who actually looks like herself as opposed to the front page of *Vogue* attracts a better sort of man, one who is honest, attentive, and intelligent.

Have I mentioned yet that I am a radical feminist? Oh, don't be shocked. How can I chastise women who act like girls without seeming paternalistic? I believe that society should reflect the tremendous diversity of the human experience, male and female, child and adult, atheist and religious, and so forth. The table of public discussion must not be reserved for a few; to exclude the feminine is an invitation to tyranny. But how shall we measure the contribution of a person who is wearing a mask which disguises her true feelings? Equality between the sexes? Not possible as long as women continue to demean themselves with make-up.

The image persists to our day: the male voyeur watching the Vic-

torian lady twist to fit into her corsets. But his guilt is allayed, in my opinion, because another woman is tying the knots. So you see, I am cynical about most of the majority of the people who inhabit this planet—female types who wear a cosmetic veil.

Pick up a woman's magazine. The feature article about Sherry's make-over is always written by a woman, and the editor who neatly juxtaposes the piece next to the glossy eye shadow advertisement is a champion of the feminist movement. Jenny Jones, Shirley, Oprah, Sally Jessy, Bertice Berry, Leeza, and so many others preach sermons about the necessity of having those fatty deposits below the eyes sucked out. Give a woman eco-

nomie power and she'll feature the "girls" of *Penthouse* in her summer fashion show, modelling, of course, bathing suits. It's a neat trick of biology, women screwing women.

Okay, men are bad. Some of us persecute women. Male violence, not female compliance, is the real cause of deviance in our society. However, I think we must note that feminism has allowed women to enter a masculine world without actually transforming that world. Power relationships are everywhere; women are not collectively "on top," but Oprah is, and a hell of a lot of people are being screwed by her. Liberation, equality, no, I don't think we've moved one inch closer to those ideals in the past thirty years. Indeed, if anything,

society has become more, um, phallic. The feminist revolution has been led by false prophets.

So, shall we try this all again? A revolution must begin from within. You cannot change society until you understand the self. Mothers remain responsible for the socialization of their daughters; they must decide not to buy that Barbie doll.

And men, we did not actually win the battle of the sexes. That was just an attention grabber. Until all on the planet prosper, male and female, black and white, Edmontonian and Calgarian, the human experiment will be a failure, and basic freedom, not to mention equality, will be about as tangible as the beauty myth.



SFHayes

## MIND-BOGGLED COURTROOM ECSTASY

picks. I am in love with the Hare Krishna who says "this Bud's for you" and hands me a supercan of shaving cream as a practical joke.



My mission is to see that justice prevails, and not only that but that it also remains just. I am here to tell you of faith in humanity. There are

no obstacles to redemption if you can only see past the barriers. I am not your messiah, nor your panacea, but I am a mailman with big news. If you believe that God helps those who help themselves, then YOU are God. How's that for empowerment? Time is a mysterious evil. We know it's in constant motion, that this is the present, that thence is the past, and that there is the future. We try to measure and quantify it, yet no two people will ever have the exact same time on their watches. Everything is relative. And we are all brothers and sisters.

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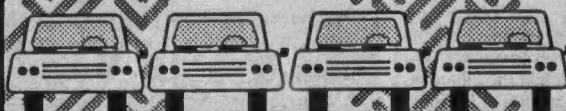
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# V I E W P O I N T S D E U X



Tami Friesen

## d a c h a u

I'm almost afraid to write this. Am I, a Christian of German descent, justified in trying to express the unfathomable? It seems trivial that I would even bother. But then, that is a subjective statement—trivial to whom?

I saw *Schindler's List* today. I didn't cry. Strange, but the reality of the events taking place on the screen left no room for the catharsis of tears.

In the spring of my grade 12 year my choir took a tour through Europe. My conductor, who was also my Social Studies teacher, had insisted we visit the Dachau concentration camp. The name appeared on our agendas only as a ominous break in what was to be an eight hour trip from Austria to Munich. We hadn't prepared ourselves for the high white walls and the barbed-wire fence. In fact, our pillow-padded Canadian lives hadn't really prepared us for anything. My teacher spoke in a dead-pan voice:

"You can choose to stay on the bus. We'll only be here an hour." One hour. I only had to stay in

that place for one hour. I entered free. I left free. Some of the others chose to stay behind in the bus—chose to. They were either frightened or apathetic, or a little of both. One hour.

The main building was set up much like any other museum. Except that the pictures were all in black and white, and the people in them had hollow faces and shaved heads. On second thought, it wasn't like any other museum. It was like looking at a pictorial recording of hell. I stepped off a tour bus and into hell. One hour.

We strolled through the last remaining prisoner's barracks which resembled a crowded barn more than anything else. Crowded, that is, if it were still inhabited. The rest of the buildings had been torn down, their foundations remaining like enormous tombstones laid flat against the earth.

I ventured down the gravel road which separated the two long rows of ghost barracks. When I reached the end, the path veered off to the left. I lost it in a jumble of trees and bushes. I followed it over a tiny footbridge which crossed a pretty little mountain stream. Satan decorates his roads with care. The path opened up, revealing a semi-circle of low-roofed, log cabins. Suddenly,

I became aware of my body and the control I now exercised over it.

"I can't go in." I whispered under my breath.

The voice of my teacher replied, "You have to. If you don't go in, you can't come out."

Together, we walked into the first building. We stood in front of a row of coffin-sized baking ovens. The ovens. We walked past them and into the second room. We stood in what appeared to be a locker-room shower. The gas chamber. I don't remember what the exit was like, whether we walked back the way we came or whether the chambers somehow miraculously opened up to the lawn outside. I exhaled carefully. Had I held my

breath the whole time? Had I actually breathed the air inside that building?

Wordlessly, we walked back to the tour bus. No—ran—we ran back to the tour bus, because we could. Because we went in and came out. Because 6 million Jews didn't—couldn't.

Later, I was glancing at a girl's snapshots of our choir tour. There she was, flanked by two handsome young men I didn't recognize, posing in front of the ovens. *The horror, the horror...*

A man laughed in the theatre today. He laughed at something that wasn't funny. It wasn't malicious, it was just that he didn't know how else to react to the hor-

ror. *Schindler's List* doesn't allow you to remain detached.

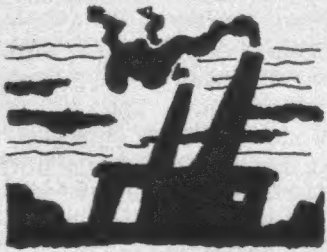
I didn't cry at Dachau, either. I shook and almost vomited, but I didn't cry. I usually cry out of joy or sorrow. Sometimes they negate each other.

6 million Jews died...  
...a handful survived.

This morning I woke up feeling sorry for myself. I was sick and sore and lonely and behind in my classes and...life's rough, eh?

Rejoice. Walk into the pain, face it, and walk out again. Take the gift. Do it because you have the choice—because you can, not because you want to.

Always, *always* remember... and give thanks.



Todd Babiak

## WHITE TRASH

and moaning and whining to the delight of the crumbling world, the white trash have become passé. My voice is boring. It's full of the patriarchal (love that word) subtext of stale domination. Wonderful.

Everyone is preaching the glories of difference and empowerment and overturned victimization and minority strength and realized conspiracy and on and on and on. The marginalized selves are defining themselves as being non-white trash: special and exciting and rich with amazing genealogy and ancestral glories and enigmas. They are defining themselves as being Not Like Me.

The only interesting thing about white trash is that we are inherently uninteresting in 1994. We are romantic and exciting because we are unromantic and unexciting. We can't get jobs anymore, no matter how far we are educated or qualified, we can't write books (we have heard enough from white trash, thank you very much), we can't have intense relationships or meaningful futures. We just keep coffee shops and pubs open. I don't buy this Gen X aesthetic-exercise-in-a-package bullshit, but somehow it works for "Me and the Media."

To the marginalized intelligentsia, I am "they" and "them" and "universal self" and, as we know, white trash. To the government and big companies, I am an unwanted creak in the hinges of Opening Doors policies. To over-zealous racial crusaders, I am a privileged

bastard not to be trusted. To women, I'm... well, let's not get into that. Jason Chouinard has tainted that debate.

My parents and grandparents are white trash too. I love them and they love me, but we can't really get together and fight the power or anything. The only strength I get from them is a pang of guilt whenever I ponder the joys of suicidal abandon.

It is so hip to be different. It is so hip to have been discriminated against; to have been silenced; to have drawn strength from adversity. I can celebrate the progress we have made (oh, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said we: You, you, I mean you) and it SHOULD be hip. Heck, I want to leave North America so I can be different somewhere. Oh, to be marginalized.

So if I want people to listen to me, I have to do something pretty outrageous. I have to be pretty exceptional. I have to be a freaking (watch that swearing, white trash) genius. Good luck, Whitey.

If any of you pieces of fellow white trash are reading, I want you to consider something. We are almost (not covered yet, but vaguely shrouded) victims in certain circles. The fingers are pointing at us. Rejoice, brothers. Soon we will have cause for alarm, a reason to whine, an excuse to write, sing, paint and cry. Don't any of you screw it up, though. No raping, no fighting, no racism, and no gay bashing. Be polite for a while and learn how not to be idiots with me. Shut up gracefully.

Soon we will be so ugly and clichéd in our very being that we will be justified in getting together in government-sponsored support groups, talking and holding hands and clenching weak fists and yelling. Then we can liberate our very own pejorative term (like *Queer* for gays and lesbians, like *Nigga* for black artists) so that we can be intelligent and egotistical in our hopelessness. I say we should call each other bitches.



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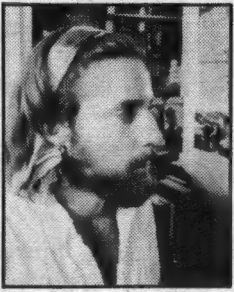
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## M A S S D E B A T E



David Malmo-Levine

# FREEDOM TO READ (OUR WATERED-DOWN BULLSHIT) HOW THE EDMONTON JOURNAL COVERS EAST TIMOR

"Did the mass of men know the actual selfishness and injustice of their rulers, not a government would stand a year. The world would ferment with revolution."  
— Theodore Parker

It all began with the page and a half feature in the travel section of the Jan 8th edition of the *Edmonton Journal*. "Seductive Sulawesi" was the title of the piece. Just in case you don't know, Sulawesi is a large island within the nation of Indonesia, whose military government just happens to be one of the worst violators of human rights in the third world.

Of course, this bit of information was missing from the Jan 8th feature, but hey, it's just the travel section. Tourists wishing to avoid financing genocidal regimes should pay more attention to the "World" and "Opinion" sections of the paper.

That was exactly what I had been doing for the last few months. In that time, I hadn't noticed any stories whatsoever on Indonesian aggression. Human rights reports and the foreign press, however, were full to the brim with such reports. By reading these, I had come to realize that the real reason the Indonesian government was committing genocide in East Timor (and West Papua and Sumatra and Kalimantan) was that they were encouraged to do so by western corporations (including some from Canada) who didn't want anything getting in the way of the exploitation of natural resources.

I decided to offer this information to the *Journal*, complete with the photo which accompanies this article. It was short, direct, and to

the point.

They said it wasn't up to their "high standards of journalism."

So then I printed up a few hundred copies and pasted them up on lampposts along Jasper, White Ave. and 109th St. Most of them were taken down the next day.

About the same time, the *Journal* had a couple of its editors read from Margret Lawrence's *The Diviners* in honor of "Freedom to Read" week. Irony? Hypocritical? Maybe. I decided to give them the benefit of the doubt. Perhaps these editors truly believed in the freedom to read, even to the point of nonfiction.

When I approached the first of the *Journal's* "freedom to read" editors, Gordon Morash, he assured me that the *Journal* had done its job in covering the issue. I asked him for proof of this, and he left a message on my answering machine. "I've done a run-down from Feb 28th, '94 down to Jan 2nd, '92 and I count 34 stories on East Timor. Six of those were editorials and there were two signed columns as well, which I believe were by Satya Das. I don't know if that's exactly what you're looking for but *we have indeed covered the issue.*" (my italics)

The other editor, Linda Goyette, argued that I was "mistaking selection for censorship."

Mr. Morash kindly provided me with the dates and page numbers of every "story" the *Journal* did on East Timor. Armed with this info, I went to the downtown library and made some photocopies. Guess what I found out...

No cover stories. No features. Seventeen of the "stories" were actually stories on other subjects where East Timor was mentioned

in one sentence. Four "stories" were those little "Digest" one paragraph deals. If "the issue" Mr. Morash spoke of was Indonesia's atrocities in East Timor, the *Journal* didn't cover it too well. If "the issue" was Canadian corporate involvement

young people, were killed. Some British film-makers managed to make it a Kodak moment. The filming of the Santa Cruz massacre was the only reason Canada suspended aid—another fascinating phenomenon not yet covered in the *Journal*.



in the atrocities in East Timor, the *Journal* didn't cover it AT ALL.

Trade was only mentioned twice in relation to human rights, once by a protestor in a story about a "peace boat" demonstration, and once by a foreign affairs critic from Ottawa. To argue that these two sentences is "coverage" is ludicrous. Annually, the *Journal* gives more space to the weather forecast for the city of Auckland than it does to corporate Canada's warcrimes.

Protestors and token critics aside, the *Journal's* own editorial position on Indonesia is fucking despicable. In 1991, the Indonesian army fired on a group of peaceful protestors during a funeral procession in Dili, East Timor's capital. Two hundred and seventy three people, mostly

which only \$150 thousand was actually affected. Aid has since resumed at record levels. The *Journal's* editorial response was to call the Canadian Government's actions "harsh measures" and "tough punishment."

The *Journal's* excuse for not covering East Timor more fully was explained in another editorial; "Without the competitive spur of TV film, we of the press have never mounted a sustained attempt to tell that story in ways that will win our readers' attention." This is also very ironic, for I timed my submission to the *Journal* to coincide with the nation-wide airing of *Manufacturing Consent*, a film which spent 30 minutes on East Timor and the lack of corporate media coverage.

What all this proves is that the *Journal* represents business interests first, telling the truth only when forced—when someone captures it on film—even then burying the important evidence. The freedom to read means a lot to the *Journal* when it comes to some novel with a bit of profanity and depictions of bodily functions, but when it comes to the freedom to read about the investments of potential *Journal* advertisers like MacMillan Bloedel or the Royal Bank in Indonesia, well, there just isn't enough room in the paper for that.

"Selection." Not censorship. I understand now.

Considering the severity of the accusations and the strength of the evidence, I think a response from the *Journal* would be in order.

Hey! Hey!  
I'm your life—I'm  
the one who took  
you there.  
Hey! Hey!  
I'm your life—  
and I no longer  
care...

—Metallica

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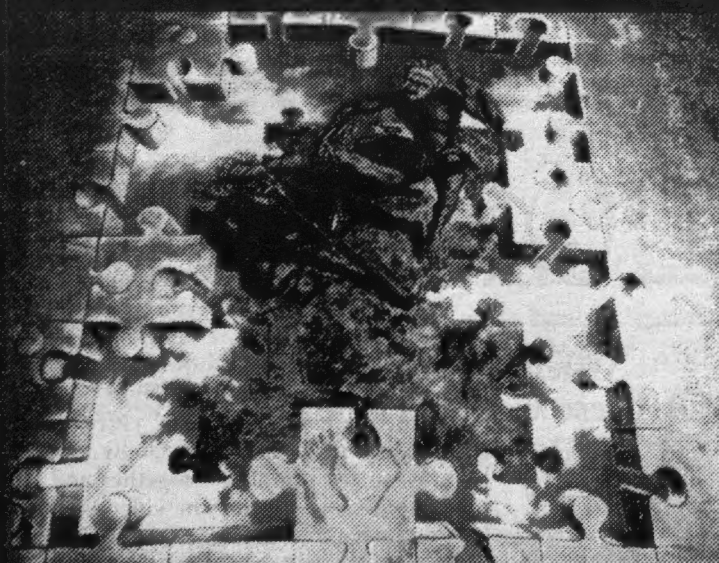
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SENTINEL

SELF-STORAGE

# Whetherman Groove Tube



March 24 — 26

At the  
Power Plant

NORTH POWER PLANT  
RESTAURANT  
AND  
BAR

# the AQUARIUM


Fish  
Griwowsky

# TINY FINNED WARRIOR

Hey everybody! It's been a while since we've gone down my filthy stream of consciousness. I thought I'd do a nutty thing and write an article at midnight, only hours before you, the reader, do your thing.

Well, it's been kind of a slow week for me. What am I talking about? This has been one of the busiest! But let's talk about the sad parts.

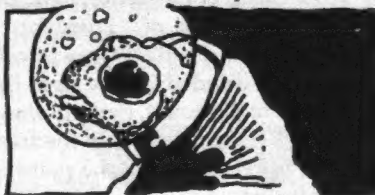
Perhaps some of you out there in reality remember that one of my fish, a tiny lad named Screetus, was twisting up and laying still on the floor of his tank. Well, he got better. The other fish threw him a party by not smashing into him when they swam around. Unfortunately, since then, he's gone missing.

I have a theory, however. Newly inspired by his near-death experience, I think that he made himself a little environment suit and explored the depths of my apartment. The other boys got together and floated apathetically as he took the plunge over the edge.

He hobbled around my floor across the living room one night when the only sounds to be heard were the moans of porno stars and the whirrr of the fast-forward dur-

ing the lame parts, as well as an almost indistinguishable squishing sound. He gazed in awe as he passed one of Edmonton's most impressive collection of Intellivoice cartridges. Which is normal for most of our guests, although it sometimes sounds like snickering. Into the Forest of Boots he lurked, alive in a world he could neither understand nor breath in.

Next, a gigantic lone unused barbell towered above him, a testament to remarkable potential left



in the shadows of time. His tiny fins reached up, perhaps, for the solid iron bar which separated the two massive 25lb weights.

Not for you, little fishy, but for the Gods themselves.

His water was becoming stale by this point—no unhappy plastic sea-diver with an air hose attached to his helmet would be feeding young Screetus oxygen this historic night.

Suddenly—Space Cat! Our miniature protagonist recoiled in fear, only to be embarrassed by a lame graphic in an old Gateway. Safety he continued... for a while longer.

A bar of light grew in front of him as he approached. Was this heaven? Was this the lair of the giant wiggling shape that sometimes, when in bouts of responsibility, made food appear in the watery sky? Yes. He could only know that it was! He slipped under a giant wooden monolith into the light. On his left lay a long device, old and yellowed, many times longer than he. Had he the capacity to understand things such as this, he would have called it **toothbrush**. Closer now. He cautiously approached the giant laying on his massive platform. In one hand he held a rectangle of paper, a Martin Amis novel also available in fishy circles. In his other, closer hand, he held a giant tube of steaming brown liquid—tasty hot chocolate.

He smiled in that expressionless way that fish have as the giant slowly lowered the mug towards him on the floor. Hey, wait a minute! Not so—

SPLAT.

Ok, so maybe I killed him. Fact is, I have no idea where the hell he went. Maybe he jumped out of the aquarium but I doubt it because he was kind of gimp. Maybe the big fat fish ate him. That's probably what happened.

I like my version better.

# MORE LETTERS

From Page Six. Gh.

I have never seen anyone implicate himself so badly (or is it so well?) Are we then to understand that his recent political flirtation was merely a facade, and that he is in fact (gasp!) a campus demagogue? Don't insult our intelligence, Mr. Levant—Canadians can see right through a false prophet's hypocrisy.

Mr. Levant's dislike of Arabs, especially those who dare condemn the slaughter at Hebron, is obvious yet unsettling all the same. After all, Dr. Goldstein was an American-educated Jew who likely watched the various instalments of Rambo, who settled illegally in the occupied territories, and who simply despised Arabs. Look at what hate led him to do.

Lamya Najmeddine

President  
Canadians for Peace in the  
Middle East

## Adi Inkwaster

Although many friends insisted that responding to Adi Lachman's pitiable letter ("Sorry, Karen": March 17, 1994) wasn't worth the ink, I couldn't but help feel that Adi merely needed a little guidance in the art of meaningful debate.

Now Adi, while I'm sure you continue harboring some puerile grudge against Karen Unland over last year's cartoon controversy, her article on free speech certainly did not merit the invective of your re-

sponse. As a journalist, Ms. Unland does not require anyone's approval, least of all yours, to criticize Israeli government policy. That's her job. Strange concept, this freedom of the press—deal with it!

It would have been appreciated had you offered constructive insight, simply indicating where you disagreed with Ms. Unland rather than resorting to empty, petty sarcasm. But, alas! In predictable fashion, you—and the great Ezra Levant—completely evaded the real issue, namely, the slaughter of 40 Palestinians at a Hebron mosque by a fanatical Jewish settler; hence, we can only speculate on your feelings.

Did you squeal with delight at the news of the massacre? Is Baruch Goldstein a hero worthy of praise? Will banning Kach accomplish anything? Should Jewish settlers be permitted to shoot Palestinians with impunity, while Israeli soldiers look on with explicit orders not to intervene? We are left to wonder, aren't we? As the wise Ezra Levant astutely pointed out, Adi, we Canadians are humanitarians—pretend to be one.

Having been spoon-fed rabid Zionist rhetoric most of your life, I realize that it must be difficult to curb your knee-jerk zeal whenever Israel is denounced. However, while you are in my country, studying at this university, you have the opportunity to engage in constructive dialogue, and thus be taken seriously. You have two options, Adi: 1) emulate the great Ezra Le-

vant and "pretend to care about Canada," or 2) take a valium, deal with the real issue, and actually say something meaningful for a change.

Alex Nelson  
Science III

## Happiness And Love For All!

Hey Fish! Way to go, dude. Your article last week about 'Future Historians' said a lot. I won't deny it, I've whined my share in the past and I agree that acknowledging and living with shitty things is sometimes a part of life—people (like me) often become far too idealistic.

And yet it's still true that a good fight for a cause is a great thing. Even when you lose.

By the way, Peter Patches Pachal knows the poop too, as his 'climbing' article in Tuesday's Gateway proves. Both your articles should be reprinted sometime. Thanks for the positive energy, guys.

Thomas Dickinson  
Arts III

Do you love  
letters?  
Then write  
short ones!



# ENTERTAINMENT

Entertainment Editor Dave Johnston 492-7052

## EVENTS

### MAR 24

**Look People**  
with Sex With Nixon  
at the Bronx  
Doors at 9:00 pm

**Twins...the multimedia event of two lifetimes!**  
Roxy Theatre (10708-124 st)  
8:00 pm

**BPM Video Release Party**  
Rebar (10551-82 Ave)  
8:00 pm

**Whetherman Groove Tube**  
Power Plant  
8:00 pm

### MAR 25

**Lester Quitzau**  
Centennial Library Theatre,  
downtown  
8:00 pm

**Twins...the multimedia event of two lifetimes!**  
Roxy Theatre (10708-124 st)  
8:00 pm

**Whetherman Groove Tube**  
Power Plant  
8:00 pm

**International Theatre Day Rally**  
City Hall, Plaza  
12:00 Noon

**Twins...the multimedia event of two lifetimes!**  
Roxy Theatre (10708-124 st)  
8:00 pm

**Whetherman Groove Tube**  
Power Plant  
8:00 pm

### MAR 26

**Watchmen**  
Dinwoodie Lounge  
doors 8:30 pm

**Lorne Elliott**  
Arden Theatre, St. Albert (ph 459-1542)  
7:30 pm

**Baffin Island Party**  
El Zorro Loco (9535 Jasper Ave)  
8:00 pm

## "He's not a musician, he's an artisan" There is only one word for Stephen Fearing—amazing

Stephen Fearing  
Sidetrack Cafe  
Tuesday Mar. 22

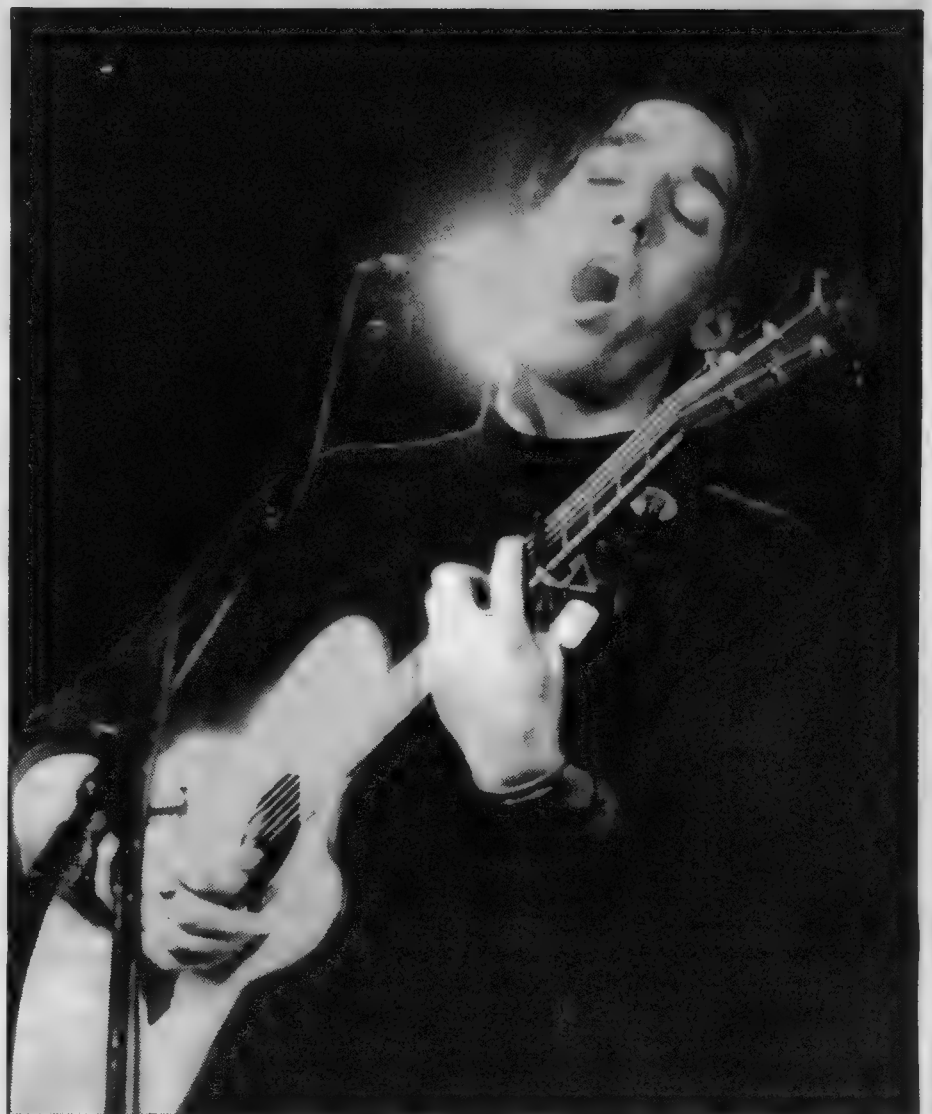
review by j. b. rice

The Sidetrack was quite full when we arrived and were shown to our "specially reserved" table which was far in the back and pretty much the only one that didn't already have people at it (specially reserved? Ya, right). We should have slipped the host (who looks remarkably like the bad doctor from *The Fugitive*) a fifty like the rich old guy did and then maybe we would have been seated right in the front too. The crowd was pretty eclectic—a mixture of all types from suits to old folksters but I guess that's to be expected at the Sidetrack. I even met a fellow Weenster (aka Ween disciple) and Kramer fan when Rodney introduced me to his purty date Tricia.

Accompanied by Paul Blaney on a big fat acoustic base Fearing started his first set at about ten with the "Assassin's Apprentice," the first song on his new album of the same name. The sound was amazing, really clean and surprisingly full considering there were only two people playing. Next was "The Life," my favourite song from the new album. It was eventually drawn out into the instrumental tune "Martin's." As he picked his way through this tune that it really hit what an incredible guitarist he is. Everyone was so quiet, we were afraid that any noise might somehow break the mood or his concentration. "Give It Up" was followed by "Blind Horses," a bluegrass to ballad and back to bluegrass song about the infamous James brothers. The set ended after about an hour with a beautifully melancholy version of "The Brilliance You Need."

**As he picked his way through this tune that it really hit what an incredible guitarist he is. Everyone was so quiet, we were afraid that any noise might somehow break the mood or his concentration.**

For the rest of the evening Fearing played many of the songs on his new album ("The Station," "The Longest Road," "and Expectation" to name a few) and sprinkled the set with older stuff. Highlights included a emotional "Bells Of Mourning" from his last album *Blue Line*, and a very jazzy song (a la Twin Peaks) with a real heavy bass line



Rodney Gitzel

### Stephen Fearing at the Sidetrack Tuesday night.

called (I think) "Trying Times." He finished with a strong solo version of "Down The Wire" and carefully cleaned his guitar before exiting the stage to enthusiastic applause.

Fearing bantered casually with the audience all night between songs, explaining stories behind them, telling jokes, and thanking the club and CKUA for playing his music and supporting him. It was very comfortable, like having a friend over to play at your house.

Blaney's bass was probably the only thing I didn't like. The man is unquestionably an incredible musician (it's very interesting to watch the way they use their whole bodies

when playing, as if there's something very sexual about it—it's like they're making love to their instruments). At times though it seemed to swallow Fearing's guitar. I wish he would have played more stuff completely solo.

After a short break Fearing took to the stage once again for a short encore which opened with "Beguiling Eyes" and included a song he wrote for a friend while working at the O'Hara lodge near Lake Louise

As he finished his encore Dave turned to me and pretty much summed the evening up. "He's not a musician, he's an artisan.... Man, is he good."

## Mother's on television

Bill's Psychotic Mother  
Video Release Party  
Rebar  
Thursday, March 24

preview by todd babiak

Seeing as the video release party is tonight, one might assume that Bill's Psychotic Mother are reforming and returning to our little Northwestern musical mecca. This is only a tiny bit true.

Chris Larson, Moshfest mastermind and former (or current?) BPM front man is not leaving Vancouver. The guys that used to be in BPM are not back together with Chris.

Apparently, BPM, minus Chris Larson are in a new local band called Onion. According to publicist Maureen Prentice, Chris is still in Vancouver recording BPM's forthcoming album with a new bunch of hardy musicians. Oh, the old story. Edmonton band gets limited fame so they leave or split up or have kids or become waiters or something.

The new album will be called, um, *Cabaret of Chaos* and the video being released at the mighty Rebar is "Order." If you caught them



### Est-ce que ceci est la mère dérangée de Bill?

last summer at InFest you might be in the video, so you should certainly show up.

If you've never seen BPM they are an oddity in Edmonton (that's why they no longer exist here. But that's all metaphysics). As we all know, oddities are good things. They are a pseudo-industrial, funky-fun, socio-political extravaganza. I saw them in

September or October of last year, and as they grooved, video screens showed Luis Bunuel films and some guy without a nose. Delightfully yukky!

Bill's Psychotic Mother are good and weird so, if I may be bold, I will venture to guess that the video will be weird and good. It was directed by award-winning local Jason Margolis and many Edmonton film-types were involved in the production.

Doors open at 8 and the video will be "unleashed" sic. at 10 p.m. Show up early, kids, so we can all get together and sing campfire songs before the video is shown. Certain band members will be available for autographs and certain Gateway types will be there if you want to buy beers for bad writers. Don't buy beers for e.e. cummings tonight. That guy's cut off.

Heartfelt plea: here we have a band that is only half way in Edmonton because of our relative lameness as live music supporters. Here we also have the product of local filmmakers playing in an establishment with a liquor license. If you don't show up, you must have something rotten inside of you.



o p e r a

# A whole hog production

Impressive sets, performances help make *Julius Caesar* a fine night at the opera



This scene is not in *Julius Caesar*. Mere newsprint cannot do justice to the explosive power of Edmonton Opera's latest production.

*Julius Caesar*  
by G.F. Handel  
Edmonton Opera  
March 19-24

review by jk cobb

Opera, the juice of European gods, voices of astronomical proportions, Pavoratti, Puccini, Mozart; none of these guys were involved but this *was* on opera. I am no longer an opera virgin.

Call me an uncultured slothbag but I don't know much about opera. I had all the preconceptions that I could have. I was ready for the voices from hell, singing words in a language that I could not understand. Well, that much happened.

I have a feeling that this was not an ordinary opera. It was written by Handel, and premiered in 1724; as the general director of the Edmonton Opera says "The apparent formality of 18th century operatic convention may seem a far cry from much of the repertoire presented by opera companies today." It is a Baroque opera, and what I know of Baroque fashion, this was right in there.

My favorite facet of the whole production was the set design and the costumes. These guys went whole hog and brought in 14 tons of sand for the set. The flats were these huge french door pane glass things that just oozed style. What was really interesting was the half-modernization of the costumes and props. The bad soldier dudes wore sunglasses and leather coats with their traditional garb and pointed colt automatics with their swords. At one point in the second act,

the sleazebag Ptomley, the sexual deviant of the bunch, has his tent open, revealing his mirrorball hangy thing, busty female statues and tigerstripe blankets. I liked the mix of modern and classical; it worked for me.

There were a few things that bothered me about the production, though it could be my lack of understanding of the genre. There were three counter tenors, which are guys that sing in a traditionally female range (high). One of them, Derek Lee Ragin, played the big guy himself, Caesar. As far as I'm concerned, the opera should have been called Cleopatra. Both Ragin's performance and the role itself never measured up to Cleopatra, played by Brenda Harris. She acted with her voice, which for a guy like me who doesn't really like musicals, is a must if I'm going to like the production at all. The funniest bad dude Achilla, played by Hugh Givens, looked like Ringo Starr in his shades, but gave a solid performance.

The first thing that I came out of the opera with was that this was melodrama at it's most vicious level. At the slightest provocation a character will start singing about their soul and the end of all happiness.

But it was fun. I enjoyed myself. Do it right; have a nice dinner before hand with vino and have a good cup of coffee or two after. The whole experience was cool. I wish that ee cummings was there with me so we could talk of women and suck in the ambience out of the evening like there was a huge brandy snifter and we were pals. Go with a good friend; you have a lot of fun people-watching.

Go go ge jub(dumb pun).

## Breaking down walls

*Twins*  
nickel finger and Manifest Human Arts  
Roxy Theatre (10708-124 st)  
Mar 24-26  
8:00 pm

preview by jacqueline lamb

If you have seen Andrea Rabinovitch dance, you have been rapt in awe.

If you have heard Sue Hodge sing, you have seen tears in the eyes of an iron fisted business man.

If you have ever met Tim Sell, you know a director who envisions the wholism of an entire multi media production, and notices an unpointed toe within the same minute.

If you have not, now you can.

*Twins* is a multimedia exploration of how two separate beings can somehow be united without sacrificing their inherent nature. Rabinovitch, a former dancer with the locally renowned Brian Webb Dance Company, teamed up with Hodge, a local musician with the band Nickel Finger, to tell the true story of how they met and came to understand that to be an individual does not mean you cannot find solidarity with another entity, however paradoxical the pairing might be.

The two performers are guided through their journey by a pair of spiritual twins, played by newcomers Laura and Sandy Checkel, who are used to represent the indi-

viduality and unity of the dancer and the singer. Throughout the play a metaphorical wall is demolished, and the audience is invited to become an active witness to the journey and its resolution.

The project is a bold move for both Hodge and Rabinovitch, who are turning this event into not only a performance art piece, but an opportunity to mingle with the performers and enjoy music by nickel finger in a concert setting. After years in standard concert performances, Hodge saw a perfect opportu-



*Twins*, bound together yet different.

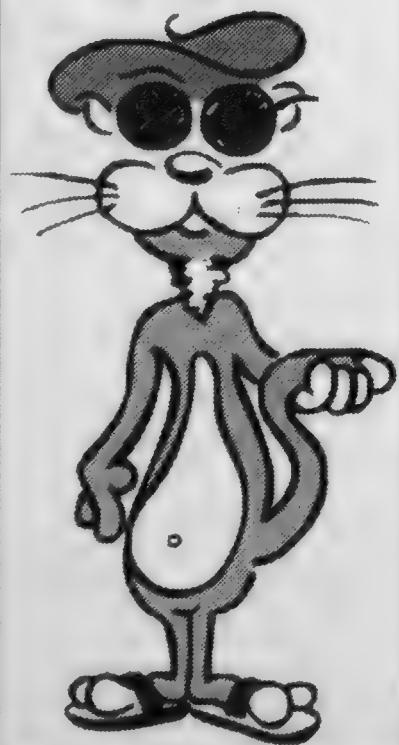
nity to expand the use of her musical gift through this project. As for Rabinovitch, she had been active as a dancer, choreographer, and teacher for over sixteen years, and created the Manifest Human Arts Society as a way to collaborate with cause-driven societies and organizations. *Twins* is more than just a piece of entertainment—it is an effort for the community to more fully intergrate the artist as a vital participant, rather than an outsider locked within walls.

*Twins* fights against alienation and encourages understanding and integration, without the sacrifice of the individual's power.

It will be a unique and eventful evening, to say the least.

## WANTED Owner for my Groovin' Bike!

HUB Cat says,  
"Mark  
your Spot,  
I do!"



The other day I gave you this wonderful picture of my outer self on a book mark. Scratch my paw on the back side to see if you have won one of the several prizes listed below:

- Bike
- Plant
- ETS Bus Pass
- Travel Mug
- Book Bag

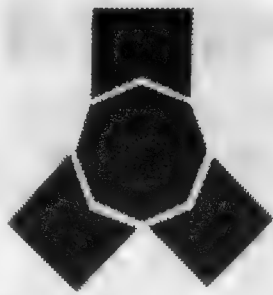


You have until April 5, 1994 to collect your prize from the HUB Administration Office,  
#209 9005-112 Street.



Court Main Floor, SUB





Lister Hall Students' Association

# REZ REPORT

## WYSIWYG? - NOT

The phrase 'what-you-see-is-what-you-get' is often applied to computers or programs where the whole is basically nothing more than the sum of its' parts. I've also heard this phrase thrown around a couple of times when people are talking about a place like Lister Hall.

It ain't necessarily so. To understand what it's like living in Lister, you've got to go *beyond* statements like that.

My first thought when I moved into Lister four years ago was, "I want to go home." I had heard that Lister was full of nothing but party animals and people who did anything *but* study. I was even tempted to ask my parents if I could commute from our home four hours from Edmonton, but somehow, I didn't think they would go for it. I was stuck.

What I didn't realize at the time was that it was probably the best place for me to be stuck. As a new university student who had no friends in the city, what better place to make them than in a residence where over a thousand people live? Especially a thousand people who are probably among the friendliest and most helpful on campus?!?!?

The social aspect of Lister can *not* be denied. When in Rez, you're almost constantly surrounded by people. You can't avoid spending time with people and getting to know them a little better than you probably would if you just shared a class with them. It's hard to spend eight months living on a floor with roughly

thirty people and not get to know *any* of them. You get into the habit of eating dinner with them, going to aerobics or working out with them, getting a group together to go to a movie, or partying with them before and during a dance.

But you quickly realize that there is so much more to Rez life than just partying. If you're having problems with Calculus, there's probably at least one person on *every* floor who will be able to help. If you need help with an English paper, you can find someone to look it over relatively quickly. When you don't feel comfortable walking back from a night class on your own, there's always someone on your floor who will be willing to safewalk you home. When you need someone to talk to, there's always someone willing to sit down and chat for as long as you need to. Or, if you just feel like visiting someone, people usually don't mind if you stop by for a while. In fact, it is sometimes during these impromptu visits that the best friendships can be formed. Some of the best memories that I have are when I've gone to visit a friend and we've ended up talking until 2:00am.

Now that I'm in my final month and a half of residence life, I realize that moving into Rez was probably one of the best choices I ever made. I think I learned more during my four years in Lister Hall than I probably did in some of my classes. It's been one of the most memorable experiences I've ever had.

- Chris Sheil



Listerites at the first event of the year -- D.O.A.

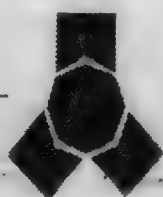
## The First Day...

I remember back to that first day.... I was but a boy (6 months ago, I age quickly) I walked into the halls of Lister for the first time. It was quite the experience for me, a Saskatchewan boy... I saw many things that I had never seen before. There were things like the electric light, indoor toilets, beer in cans, and horseless carriages. I lugged my sod bag up to my room and started to become accustomed to my new found luxury. I didn't know anybody in this Edmonton, this city of technology and opportunity (this was before Klein's cuts). The first few nights were the hardest, getting used to the sound of the automobile and the use of the electric light. However after the first few nights I began to make friends, more friends than there are people in my home town. I began to realize in these first few weeks the wealth of con-

venience and opportunity that Lister had to offer. Namely there are telephones, not just one, but *one in every room!* That combined with being five minutes away from almost any building on campus makes Lister living very convenient. There are people here from all over Canada and beyond... There are people here from all areas of study in all years of university. Everything you need is here, at Lister, in the form of people power. Not only people power mind you, there are weight rooms, tanning rooms, steam rooms, games rooms, pool tables, computer labs, indoor toilets, photocopiers, a convenience store, a bar, and many people to pursue regardless of your sexual preference. You arrive for the first time at Lister and you are pleasantly assaulted with people who want to know more about you inside and out! (take that how you wish). Sure the food sucks, but all of the other amenities make up for it.

For example, if you are a resident of Lister all of the services I mentioned above are free, and for the most part, available 24 hours a day. Not to mention that beer is only five dollars a pitcher in the residence bar. But enough about Lister, more about me. When I heard about residence, I conjured up this image of alcohol filled and condom strewn hallways, well there is that if you are interested, but there is also a serious clientele living in Lister. Lister is really the place for you to be; regardless of your work habits there is a floor somewhere in Lister that is tailored to your needs and has people like you (unless you are a hermit or a monk who has taken a vow of silence). With ever increasing prices for services around campus, why not live in Lister and have all of these services available to you whenever you want to use them? Come on, live in Lister! The buildings are really tall too!

- Andrew Beck





# Home Is Where the Heart Is

It is often said that "home is where the heart is" and for many of us, our home is a family - a really big family. As in every family, there are compromises to be made, challenges to overcome, changes that take place, and a feeling of inner strength to hold onto when the road ahead is a little rocky.

Within this family lies the heart and soul of what has become an experience of a lifetime. A pattern is formed, as illogical as it may seem, and you try to capture the delicacy before it passes by. Moment upon moment the foundation develops, building upon cherished and precious memories. Without warning, all that constitutes such a family arrives. It reaches out on its own terms and in its own mysterious way. It captures your heart and you are left completely unprepared for the power it will have over you.

Yét, as life presents greater challenges and new experiences, each member of the family will move on. "Waving Good-bye" is not always easy. However, it is not without having gained something, or without having given something in return. For all that you have grown to depend on and love is not gone, it is only rearranged.

When the time comes for you to leave, take with you all that is saved within your heart and tell of your experiences as vividly as you know how, in order to capture its essence and share with someone your wealth. But, most of all, follow your dreams and reach your goals, knowing that there will always be a place to return. A place to call home.

For Always,

Heidi Johnson

*Dedication: For you, my love; and for the strength I feel because of the hearts that so often call me home to a circle of trust, comfort and love.*



## WAVE GOOD-BYE

*Friends,  
come in and  
out of our lives  
like waves along the shore.*

*A storm draws close and  
the waves swell,  
As my heart does  
when you are near.*

*Why does the wave break?  
falling and fading,  
so too, like my heart,  
when you leave.*

*In it's wake though  
lies the hope and happiness,  
that the wave may come again  
at another time,  
or another place.*



## What It Means to be

## a Floor Coordinator

Wow, its nearly April and I'm almost finished my term as a floor coordinator on the ultimately coolest floor in Rez. I see the new coordinators that just got elected and I remember back to when that was me; very exited and energetic, yet somewhat apprehensive as to what the next year would be like. It's hard to believe that a whole year has passed already and that everything has come full circle, back to the beginning again. I feel sad as I write this because I know my job as F.C. is almost finished and there is really not much time

left to do anything for the floor. It's hard to look back and see the things that did not work out as well as you planned because now that you know what you would have changed to make them better, it's too late. But when I look back at the rest of the things, I'm still amazed that somehow they worked out.

I've lived in Rez for four years now and of them all, this year was the best! I still have trouble comprehending how much fun I had working with the other members of Joint Council and, of course, my floor. All of these

people are very special and I thank you all for the wonderful, sometimes crazed, times that we had together.

Anyway, what I'm trying to say is that all of you new floor coordinators have the chance to have a pretty cool time in the next year if you put your heart into it. Sometimes you will feel trapped or ask yourself why you got into this, but if you are as dedicated and proud of being an F.C. as I was this year, the rewards will be endless, and these will be some

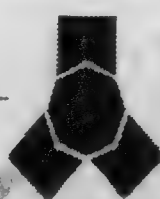
of the best memories that you'll ever have. You have the chance to make 35 to 40 peoples' year a really special one that they will remember for years to come. Being a leader isn't just delegating things or disciplining people, it's 'catching people's dreams' (thanks Wayne!) and trying to help other people accomplish their goals. Even if you just help one person next year, you will have succeeded (thanks Heidi!).

I'm really going to miss the closeness that an F.C. has with their floor in the next year, but I'm also very

excited to move on and be a part of the 'behind-the-scenes' people with the new executive in my new position as Vice President Mackenzie and be able to watch the successes of the new F.C.'s. I wish you all good luck and hope you're ready for one of the most exciting, yet crazy, years of your life.

*Dedicated to past, present, and future coordinators and executive, and of course to my floor, 3 Mackenzie.*

- Jen (Jj) Kane





## STATS:

Lister Hall is doing extremely well this year in Campus Recreation activities. The current standings of the men's and women's teams are as follows:

### Kelsey Hall

Women - first place

Men - third place

### Henday Hall

Women - fourteenth place

men - fourth place

### Mackenzie Hall

Women - eleventh place

Men - eleventh place

Congratulations to all participants; especially the firm, fit Kelsey femme fatales. Let the rest of campus know that Lister Hall has more to offer in terms of athletics than games traditionally played in pairs of the opposite sex (although there are some who play with the same sex, and some who play the game with more than two, and some who play the game by themselves).

- Andrew Beck

## A Time To Say Farewell

Alas, four years of a unique experience in my life are coming to a close. Yes, I am a four year veteran of Lister Residence, one of a few to dare to live with approximately 4000 different students over my university career. Rez life is not for everyone, nor is Rez life for more than one year, but for some I am convinced of it's benefits.

Through few other experiences could be exposed to such a variety of people, viewpoints, areas of study, and social activity. How much I have learned here about group dynamics: friendship, courtship, *The Ship*.... As an education student, I have come to an under-

standing of a process called cooperative learning. People learn from and teach each other so much, whether the knowledge is of an admirable nature or not. I guess living in residence has been an informal experience in cooperative learning. Perhaps a new poster should be printed:

**All I Ever Needed to Know, I learned in Residence.**

As I think that these are my last six weeks living in Lister, I am filled with a myriad of emotions — the happy times of making new friends on the floor, meeting the Mysterious Person you've been eyeing for weeks in the

cafeteria, reading someone a bedtime story, and the not-so-pleasant ones of trying to help someone who was feeling down and not seeming to be making ground with them, feeling down yourself, or being kept awake by someone's musical or athletic interests (the latter being open to interpretation, especially to those hearing squeaking in Kelsey and Henday). Despite the rough moments, or having any place to face them, Lister Hall must be one of the best locations to provide people to help you make it through the years.

There are so many individuals to thank for

their friendship and support, but as not to hurt anyone's feelings, I will make a broad expression of gratitude to the Lister residents and the housing and residence life staff from the past four years, as well as those who shaped the future of Lister Hall before I came along. May Henday, Kelsey, Mackenzie, and Lister still be standing when it is my future students' turn to start university. They are pretty special spaces and if I must say, hallowed halls.

- Jennifer Lawton

**Rez Survivor:**  
1990-1994,

## A Wee Bit About Lister...

Hi, I am Scott and I am writing about the place I have lived for four years of my life. Now the only reason you will be reading this article is: a) you know somebody who lives in Lister right now b) you used to live in Lister, or c) you are taking a shit and you have read everything else. I am cynical that the general population will give a shit about what I say, because they don't like/care about Lister Hall.

I am from a small town, Hanna, Alberta to be exact (deep in the heart of Redneck country), where everybody knows your name and we are all quite friendly. So I made the transition to the big city, but I never really moved to the big city, I just moved to Lister Hall. Lister Hall is just another small town in Alberta. It is like a small town because everybody does know your name here and they are all still friendly. The only difference is that the variety of people that go to university bring different cultures and viewpoints so that the "mentality" of the people in Rez never becomes stagnant. Over the past 4 years, I

have met a lot of people and had a lot of fun. I am pretty sure that there is not a place in Alberta where I don't know someone. In fact maybe I shall tell some stories about residence.

How about the Kelsey dungeon of my first year with names like Bango, Deathstalker, Apollo, and Vining. My first year saw Rich B. from Brooks beg a Hospital security guard for forgiveness. There were always good parties on 5H with Mark E., Brian B., Ian A., Roland R., and Tom P. If your roommate locked you out of his room, you could always sleep on the lounge chairs like Mark H. did a lot. The only problem with this is that you always woke up with waffle face. Speaking of Mark H. there is his roommate Jim G. and the infamous candy-cane incident. My second year can be remembered by great stories such as when Curtis B. got a little wet from the sprinkler on the football field. That was also the year of the infamous 8K waterfall down the fire escape. Or how about when Jocelyn got her room mixed up with

someone elses. By the way Jocelyn, who is your cute roommate now? I also believe this was Dave N. last year. Last year was fun also. That was when Sean M. and myself played poker for hair. By the way if you ever need furniture moved quickly see Sean. That was also the first year that Darcy did not wear the shiny suit. It was also the year that 5K had a rowdy coordinator. There was also the infamous ski trip to Whitefish. Yeah, Yeah party Yeah!

The real truth about Lister is that we know how to have FUN! Sure people drink alcohol here but so do a lot of other people who go to university. True, there are a dropouts of Lister because they partied too much (I took a Deans vacation myself) but that's to be expected of any 18 year old who has just left their parents nest for the first time to attend an institution for a reason they are still not sure of. You would think that university would be the last place on earth that people would judge a place because of a few bad apples or some overly hyped rumors.

have fun here at Lister with our own dances, our own week long competitions, our own newspaper, our own bar (the Ship is great on Thursdays), our own weightroom, Mac lab, aerobics, discipline system and multitudes of social programs. We are self sufficient and do not need the University, but that is because they don't care about us.

The best way to summarize Lister is with some to 10 lists.

### TOP 10 THINGS TO DO IN LISTER

10. Tub someone you love.
9. Have a party.
8. Watch sporting events with your floor.
7. Bitch about the shitty food and high prices.
6. Stay in bed and don't go to school.
5. Find a significant other.
4. Bring your purity score way down.
3. Sit around and bullshit.
2. Do homework.
1. Find a friend.

### TOP 10 THINGS CAMPUS SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LISTER

10. The University administration and the Students' Union don't give a shit about us unless their jobs are on the line.
9. You are always welcome to come to our social functions except DOA.
8. We are a basketball mecca. Well Rick Stanley, Dale and Dan VanHooren, Kenden Dressel, Greg DeVries, Jay Johnstone, and Murray Cunningham have all lived in Lister.
7. Our food is much like CABs, everyday.
6. We are not all a bunch of drunks who think that life is one big keg party.
5. Over 90% of our residents do pass.
4. It's the best place to live if you are a first year student and not from the city.
3. We have more spirit than any other student group on campus.
2. The Gateway only writes about us when there is a scandal, but then they do that to everybody.
1. It is the finest residence to live in at the University of Alberta.

- Scott Dickson









a r t S

# It's all out of control

**The Carnival of Shrieking Youth picks up where Teen Fest left off**

The Carnival of Shrieking Youth!  
The Centennial Library Theatre  
previews March 30 & 31  
shows April 5 - 9

interview by scott sharplin

It began last summer as a collective outcry against the slow death of the Citadel Teen Fest, and as a recourse to not getting into the Fringe. It began with a few young artists who were tired of being told what to do and how to do it. It began with four shows at the Nexus Theatre, just for the hell of it. And now...it's out of control.

**"There are no teen issues here, no 'drugs are bad' sort of themes. Everyone's sick of that. They're sort of...spewing out ideas. New, fresh ideas. It's like a new perspective on theatre."**

Rebecca Benson is the director of one of the four youth-written, youth-directed, and youth-acted productions at this year's Carnival of Shrieking Youth. She describes the unusually-named festival as "like the Teen Fest, but in a different format. There's a greater range of opportunities for young talent." "Young" refers to anyone in late high school or early university; "the average age is about eighteen." Benson says, "we've got a couple of adults helping with publicity, but otherwise it's adolescence all the way."

The plays, however, are not the sort of teen dramas you had to sit through in high school. "There are no teen issues here, no

'drugs are bad' sort of themes. Everyone's sick of that." What are the plays saying, then? Benson falters; "Well, they're sort of...spewing out ideas. New, fresh ideas. It's like a new perspective on theatre."

The new perspective will come from four separate one-act plays put on in the Centennial Library theatre. The first show, Benson's piece, is *Whither Tyler?* by the mysterious Spurius Sempronius. "We don't know exactly who he is," Benson confesses, "but he's written a play full of hilarious images." The cast consists of twelve young actors, high school and university students. Some of them may be in your classes. If you've ever wanted to see them in a bear suit, or in lacy lingerie, this is your chance.

The plot revolves around a group of bumbling actors who embark on an ill-fated production, and end up leaping back and forth from the play to real life. Benson describes it as a "metaphorical game of connect the dots, where each time a player connects another dot, he erases the line behind him."

"Sounds twisted." I say. Benson agrees wholeheartedly. "It's about theatre—only a little bit warped."

The other shows exhibit similar transformations. Gordon's Big Bald Head, a young



Rebecca Benson, a director and one of the Shrieking Youths involved in the festival.

comedy troupe, graduated from the Teen Fest into the theatre community with honours. Parodying everything from *Sesame Street* to Adam and Eve, Gordon's encour-

ages audiences to come back for more by offering to give away 10,000 dollars every show. It may be bullshit, but for five bucks, it may be worth a shot.

The third Carnival piece is *One Less Trip to the Oculist*, by Ross Smith. Benson describes it as a "transformation of Edgar Allan Poe's short story, *The Tell-Tale Heart*." Smith, who impressed audiences last year at the Carnival and at St. Albert's Freshfest with his death-defying *Not So Hard*, hopes to merge his own sardonic humour with Poe's dark imagery to achieve favourable results.

Finally, young playwright Meghan Shone's offering is called *After and Over*, and tells the story of a young boy trying to adapt to the stunned conditions of post-war Germany. "This one," Benson cautions, "is serious. The rest are, well, not."

So why should university students shell out their precious cash to see this unusual quartet of plays? Benson does not hesitate: "This is work by young people, university age. It's very rare that we have a chance to express our own ideas on the stage, without professionals telling us what to do." Theatre, she says, is all about sharing ideas, and the Carnival represents "a whole new generation of ideas."

But then her sober manner falters, and she grins. "Besides, there's more laser rifle action than any other show in Edmonton this season."

That sounds pretty entertaining—whatever it means.

## Late night buffoonery

The 11:02 Show  
Rapid Fire Theatre at the Chinook Theatre  
directed by Patti Stiles  
Saturday, Mar. 26  
11:02 pm

preview by sr notley

So. It's Saturday night. It's 10pm; you've just finished watching *Babylon 5* on RDTV. Congratulating yourself for having caught yet another hour of quality science fiction television, you turn your thoughts to what you should do now.

Well, you've got an hour and two minutes to get down the Chinook to watch the 11:02 Show. So get down there, because it's good.

What we have here is scripted comedy from Rapid Fire Theatre, the people who bring you *TheatreSports* every Friday night.

*TheatreSports* is good, but there's nothing like a script to allow you to think more than two jokes in advance. Freed from the scatter-shot technique of broad improvisational comedy, the 11:02 people have time to develop some subtler stuff, and to go for the complete joke instead of the brainless chortle.

Example: one sketch has goblin-faced

Jacob Bannigan and lanky Ben McCaffrey step into an elevator together. Bannigan wears only undies. McCaffrey looks over, giggles slightly, and asks "Feeling okay, Bob?" McCaffrey's squirming attempts to explain things and Bannigan's inadvertent deflections create a wonderful little self-contained bit of comic tension. It's the old I-had-a-nightmare-where-I-got-up-and-went-to-work-and-I-wasn't-wearing-any-pants bit, but the script is sharp, and with time to prepare, the performances are dead on.

Or what about the bit where the two boys steal the little girl's Barbie, and end up locked up in the treehouse defending their position for fifty years? This sketch is interspersed throughout the show, and it's classic.

11:02 still has the *TheatreSports* impulse for range, so the material is all over the map, from faux-operatic bullfighting political satire to out-and-out goofy shit. Some shots miss; most don't.

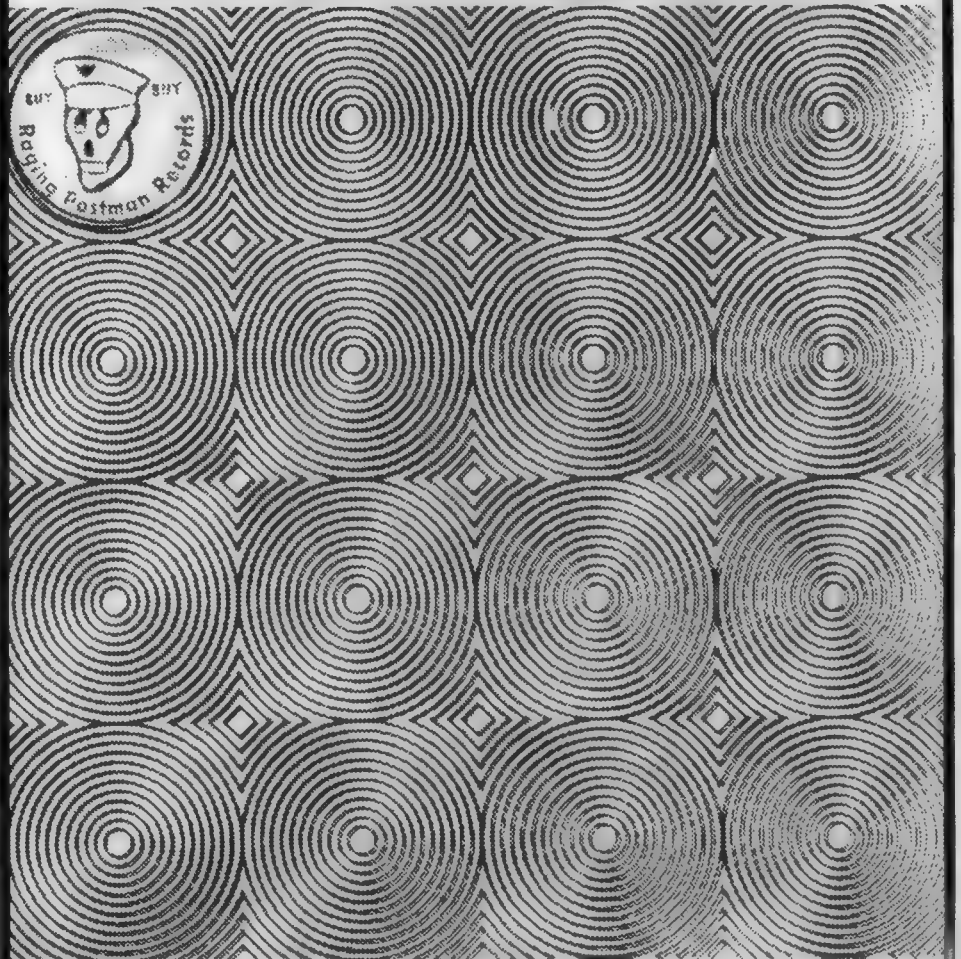
The basic fact is that they're good.

They've gone through a few cast changes since last year, but the basic core of Gary Nugent, Mark Meer, Bannigan and McCaffrey still remains. Joining them for their next outing is Patti Stiles, artistic director for Rapid Fire Theatre, who takes over the directing.

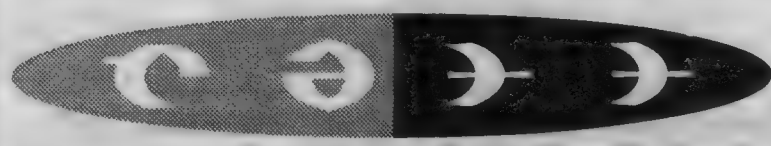


This is Bernie.  
He wants you to be his  
friend and come to the  
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3:00 pm for an important  
staff meeting. Or he will  
bite your toes off and feed  
them to his weasal Smelter.  
Everyone needs toes,

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# b o o k s

## One step short of genius

**Red Moon is not your standard Canadian novel—for starters, it's a good read**

**Red Moon**  
by Jean Lemieux  
trans. by Sheila Fischman  
Cormorant Books  
sugg. retail: \$14.95

review by Patrick Fowlow

Hmm. Canadian Literature. Margaret Atwood, Pierre Berton, and Mordecai Richler. Put your feet to sleep? A root canal is preferable to reading another Canadian story.

It's all life on the farm on the prairie.

Boring.

Do you care about a novel set in the Magdalen Islands, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence? Based in a small fishing community with lots of fog, lobster traps and old trucks?

Sound fascinating?

Tell you what. Put in an older crippled painter, a strong-willed nurse, a beautiful daughter, a priest's mistress, a young doctor with no trousers and a gambling RCMP officer.

Enticing? Not yet?

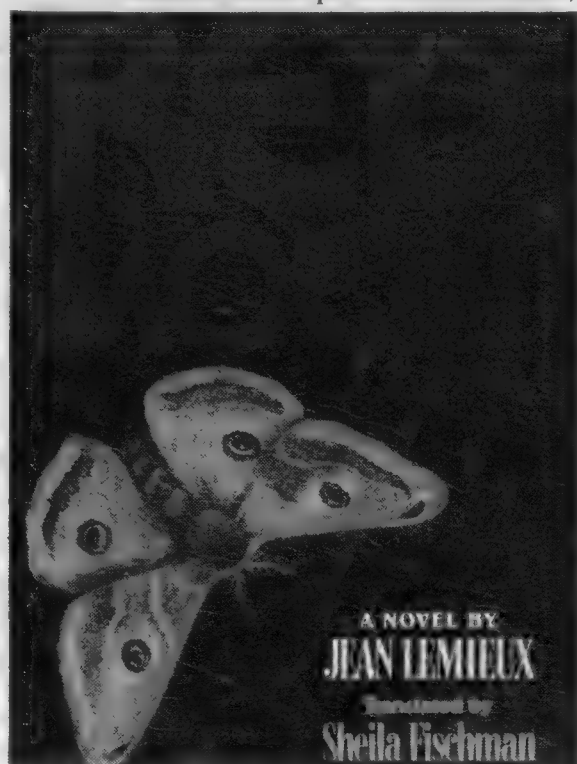
Ok, ok, ok. I'll throw in two dead bodies found at the bottom of the same cliff on consecutive days. And they have both just slept with the doctor! Interested now?

You should be. Jean Lemieux has written a terrific book. *Red Moon* is one small step away from being brilliant. I am not one for comparisons, but it reads similarly to early Milan Kundera works.

The novel is centered around Dr. François Robidoux, and his visit to Entry Island over Halloween to try and entice Nurse Gladys

Patterson to retire. Not easily done; she's been there for 25 years and is the matriarch of the clinic, and does not plan on going anywhere.

François and Gladys play doctor. Robidoux also sleeps with Charlene Collins,



beautiful daughter of Tim Collins, painter, and patient of the doctor. This is on the same night. Come morning Ms Collins is found at the bottom of Devil's Cape cliff. Nurse Patterson is found there the following day.

A Halloween prank gone awry? A lover's revenge? Where are the doctor's pants? Why won't he tell the truth? Was a condom used?

Why do all the island folk cover for one another? Why has the priest run off to Halifax? What did the painter see in his telescope? And who's truck is that?

*Red Moon* works than more than just a simple thriller because such attention is paid to the island and its inhabitants. This book is full of interesting three dimensional characters.

A rare treat. It is an atmospheric novel, with the island itself as an element of the

mystery. You are left with a tangible feel of life on Entry Island.

A warning comes with this book. "If you come to the Islands and cross over to Entry Island, if you go past the church and climb to the summit of Big Hill, if you knock on the door of the clinic, you won't meet any of the characters in this novel." A pity, I enjoyed meeting the people in this book. You will too.

Canadian Literature. Hmm...

## Reference burgers?

**A Dancing Matrix: How Science Confronts Emerging Viruses**

by Robin Marantz Henig  
Vintage Books

Sugg. Retail: \$16.00

review by Atul Khullar

I read the book *A Dancing Matrix* yesterday, and I had a triple hamburger for lunch today. Both things were quite similar; they were filling, tough to digest and took a long time to finish, but were excellent nevertheless.

Now, as a service to offended vegetarians, and anyone else leaving me at this point, let's say the book is worth far more than sixteen bucks if you have any curiosity about viruses and their relationship with man and science over time. For the six people left reading here's some reasons why.

1. Carrying this book around makes a person look intellectual. Know how everybody puts fancy, useless books on their shelves to make them look smart even though the real purpose of these books is dead weight? *A Dancing Matrix*, if nothing else, serves this space-filling purpose, but the difference that is taking this book off the shelf and reading it will actually make you smart. Basic concepts in genetics, immunology, and bacteriology as they relate to new viruses such as the constantly changing influenza virus are examined. Still, this isn't a biology textbook, (or I would have fallen asleep) as the delicate interactions between man, animal, virus and ecosystem are explored from an environmental perspective. For example, the book notes we have contacted many deadly viruses because of our ongoing exploration, colonization and pollution.

2. A doctorate isn't necessary to read this book. *A Dancing Matrix* is extremely well written with similes, metaphors, clear diagrams and clever anecdotes explaining all the biology clearly without making it sound like one of those condescending children's books found in doctor's offices. Comparing the disappearing thymus gland to a Cheshire

cat is only one of the many unique comparisons found. The book ends up being a fascinating collection of biological and medical stories with a truckload of information woven in. Hell, I learned more from this book than most of my Bio courses. Still, it's not quite a Harlequin for its ease of reading, but no one ever said virology was a cake walk.

3. It's kind of morbid. Many times in the book, case studies are examined where apparently healthy people and animals die violently and abruptly from viruses. Throw in a chapter about the evolution and history of AIDS as well as discussions on the possibility of more lethal viruses and what we have is a book with a Grim Reaper aura around it. But that is what makes the book so engrossing. The thought that a microscopic particle could threaten our entire

**This book will actually make you smart. Hell, I learned more from this book than most of my Bio courses. Still, it's not quite a Harlequin for its ease of reading, but no one ever said virology was a cake walk.**

species keeps the reader turning the pages to see what we do know about viruses. And anyway, death sells books and this book has more mortality than the medical examiner's office.

*A Dancing Matrix* is easily one of the best books I've seen for bringing biology out of the lab and into common knowledge. Not only are the mechanical aspects of viruses examined, but so is the history and evolution of viral and even biological research. Sixteen bucks buys an excellent general biological reference book as the stories vary from the first vaccine to the lab technique to identify DNA. But unlike most reference books and like a triple hamburger *A Dancing Matrix* is thoroughly enjoyable, though it doesn't have the bad side effects of the reference book (sleep) and the burger (a heart attack).

### S.O.S. Disaster Prevention Tip #4



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## EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY

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- ✓ make new friends
- ✓ HAVE FUN!!



Application deadline date: Friday, 8 April 1994  
For more information, come to CaPS, 4th Floor, SUB.



# record new aluminum and chromium dioxide reviews

## The Watchmen rule

The Watchmen  
McLaren Furnace Room  
MCA

Don't cringe when you hear the word GRUNGE! The Watchmen will give you a new perspective. I've been listening to them for two weeks now trying to decide how to describe them.

Basically, I love them.

A friend told me that they remind her of all the other Canadian bands—54-40, The Hip, etc. HA! that's typical of how a lot of people tend to think—all Canadian music is the same. The Watchmen deserve a lot more recognition for what they have achieved.

Their lyrics address real problems, shunning Bryan Adamesque wishy-washy trash, and actually mean something to you. "Run and Hide" is a song that caused some controversy when it was misinterpreted by some folks who figured it advocated violence against women, when the opposite is the truth. You cannot hear their music without feeling strong emotions.



Every song on McLaren Furnace Room is powerful because they put so much energy into the music. With help from the Northern Pikes, the Tragically Hip, and the Skydiggers, the Watchmen seem to be destined for Canadian success. So go buy the CD. See them in Dinwoodie on Saturday. Love and worship the Watchmen, because they are Canadian. And cool.

laura soucek

## A congenial genius

Richard Thompson  
Mirror Blue  
Capital Records

Richard Thompson is unquestionably one of the best songwriters (except maybe for American Music Club's Mark Eitzel) and most talented guitarists I have ever heard. From his early days in Fairport Convention to the records made with former wife Linda (Shoot Out The Lights and I Want To See The Bright Lights Tonight both making Rolling Stone's top 100 albums of all time) to his more recent solo albums such as the Grammy nominated Rumor and Sigh, he continues to push folk rock to greater heights.

He is as much a poet as a songwriter, a modern minstrel or twentieth century bard if you will. His songs remain with you long after you hear them, floating in the back of your mind, oozing out your pores. They are spiritually revitalizing, putting you in a better mood no matter how depressed you may be. I guess you could say I'm a huge fan.

**His songs remain with you long after you've heard them. They are spiritually revitalizing, putting you in a better mood no matter how depressed you may be.**

With Mirror Blue Thompson takes another step on that musical journey he started so long ago. Produced by Mitchell Froom (who did both his last album Rumor And Sigh and American Music Club's Mercury) and the guest musicians include Pete Thomas of Elvis Costello's Attractions on drums and the legendary John Kirkpatrick on accordion. Musically, songs range from more traditional rock to jazz to simple balladry.

Every one of his albums has one song that completely blows me away. Rumor and Sigh has "1952 Vincent Black Lightning," Watching the Dark "Galway To Graceland," and Mirror Blue "Beeswing." A modern reinterpretation of the traditional Scottish ballad "Bogie's Bonnie Belle" it is Richard Thompson at his simple best. Failed love is a favourite song topic and few do it better. "She was a rare thing/Fine as a beeswing/And I miss her more than words could say/If I could just taste, all of her wildness now/If I could just hold her in my arms/Then I wouldn't want her any other way."

Other gems include "Mingus Eyes" ("What a fool I was, what a thin disguise, Brando mumble, Mingus eyes"), "I Can't

Wake Up To Save My Life," the rockabilly "Shane and Dixie" and "King of Bohemia." Ah hell, there isn't a bad song on the album.

Few artists are as intimate and accessible to their audiences as Thompson. Maybe that's why he is almost worshipped by his fans. He opens his soul to you, inviting you to rejoice in his pleasure and despair in his pain.

A more congenial genius you're not likely to find.

justin rice

## asphyxiate

Paul Rodgers & Co.  
The Hendrix Set  
Polygram

Paul Rodgers was the lead singer of either Bad Company or Free, I can't remember. He got together with guitarist Neal Schon, who was in one of those 80s super-power-ballad-wailing-guitar-solo groups, to record this live album of Jimi Hendrix material and make a little easy money.

Give me the real Jimi anyway.

Five classic Jimi songs are "interpreted" here, and all of them suck. But you have to hand it to these guys for wisely choosing not to play any originals. It might have been worse.

Rodgers has a nice soulful voice, but he sounds like a dork doing these songs. There's a part in "Purple Haze" where Hendrix makes all these grunting noises, which sounds great, but when Rodgers does it, he sounds like he's taking a crap. He makes "Manic Depression" sound like a happy song about chocolate bars and not about the violent mood swings of creative people.

The saddest aspect of this release is the guitar playing. It is dull, unoriginal, and nowhere near as exciting and imaginative as Jimi. The solos Schon plays on "Purple Haze" and "Little Wing" are simply embarrassing. Jimi's original solos are epic, expressive, and moving. These new solos are banal and infuriating.

Jimi had the best drummer in the world, Mitch Mitchell, who, like Hendrix, brought imagination and originality to his playing. A fan of Mitchell could not listen to this tape without being tempted to barf. The drummer desperately attempts to duplicate Mitchell's flair and jazzy fills, but fails.

I could go on for hours.

If life was fair, guys like this would asphyxiate and we could have Jimi back.

george parthenis

# FREE stuff YOU can WIN

**1** Somewhere in the paper the words JOHNNY HOLLYWOOD has been written. To win a double guest pass for MONDAY, MARCH 28 to see this Paramount film, starring Joe Pesci and Christian Slater, be one of the first five people to come to the GATEWAY (rm 282 SUB) at 3:00 pm FRIDAY. Other prizes will be given away too! Just show me where it is. Hint: where in the paper would you send a free message to a friend?

**2** Do you want to see the WATCHMEN on Saturday night in Dinwoodie Lounge? There's a pair of tickets up for grabs too. Drop off a piece of paper that has already been used (no toilet paper, please) with your name and phone number on it. I'll be drawing winners.

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**Here**



# SPORTS

Sports Editor Bob Hall 492-5068

## Eight minutes away Bears soccer came awfully close to the glory of a National berth in 1993, but fell a wee bit short

'93 - '94

The Year in  
Review

by Cam Ashmore

The 1993 season for the University of Alberta Golden Bears soccer team was a year full of success followed by eight minutes of failure. Now, looking ahead to the 1994 season, the Bears hope for even more success, but this time without the failure.

The 1993 season started off right for the Bears as they began the year by heading to Toronto where they won a pre-season tournament. They rode that pre-season high to early success in the Canada West schedule, piling up a 4-0-2 record before recording their first loss to the University of British Columbia Thunderbirds. That loss did not deter the Bears as they finished the season with three more victories and edged out Victoria Vikes by two points for a playoff berth.

Then the failure hit. The team headed to Vancouver for the playoffs where they had to play the Thunderbirds to determine who would attend the national tournament. Things looked positive as the Bears were ahead by a goal with only eight minutes to play. And it was that eight minutes which changed the entire course of the season. The Thunderbirds scored the tying goal taking the game into overtime where they were able to score the winning marker, once again dashing the Bears' national tournament hopes.

"They [UBC] were not playing very good soccer," said Bears coach Len Vickery. "They had resorted to desperation soccer. It was like they were pulling the goaltender at the dying moments of a hockey game. On some occasions it will earn you the tying goal, and on other occasions it will earn the other team the easy goal. Unfortunately for us they tied the game, and they were able to win in overtime."

**"Basically because we were strong throughout the lineup, other players were able to step in. That just lends further evidence that we were, in my opinion, the second best team in the country."**

**—Canada West Coach of the Year Len Vickery**

Those eight minutes placed a disappointing cloud on the entire season, but could not obscure the many reasons to view 1993 as a success. Although UBC ended up losing in the final game of the national tournament, they were still the best team in Canada according to Vickery, and that made the Bears the second best.

"UBC lost the final of the CIAU's, but it was on penalty kicks and it was the third game in a single elimination tournament," Vickery said. "In my estimation, based on the



Kevin Gulayets

**Header. The Bears came oh so close to making it to the big show this season, but fell a bit short.**

previous years and a little bit of the evidence of the Sherbrooke team which we saw in the pre-season tournament, I would still maintain that UBC were the number one team in the nation and we were number two. We were very close to the UBC squad this year."

One of the strengths of the 1993 version of the Bears, and one of the reasons that they were so successful, was their depth. When one player went down with injury, another was always available to take his place. Jason Bougher, John Vinci, Doug Holloway and Simon Massaminno all missed games due to injury over the course of the year, but Travis Reynolds, Jason Senetchko, and a host of other Bears were able to step right in to fill the void. This depth provided the team with a cushion that it sat on the whole year, leading them into the playoffs.

"Basically because we were strong throughout the lineup, other players were able to step in," said the 1993 Canada West Coach of the Year. "That just lends further evidence that we were, in my opinion, the second best team in the country."

The season also provided several Bears the opportunity to shine. Riccardo Zenari took his perennial seat as a CIAU All-Canadian. Andy McKee, voted most valuable player by the members of his team, was named to the Canada West all-star team. John Dunn was an honourable mention for the Canada West all-star team. Rookie Bears Doug Holloway and Sergio Maione led the team with six goals apiece, and

tion is veteran goalkeeper John Vinci. Everyone else could potentially return to the team for another run at the national championship.

"Indications are that the majority or possibly all of the players will be returning next year which means that we will be very strong. There is no question about that even if we lose one or two of the veteran players. There is no question that we are going to put a very competitive team on the field."

Another bonus for the Bears is the fact that UBC will be hosting the national tournament in 1994. Since the host team automatically gets a spot in the tournament, two Canada West teams will be attending the tournament. If Alberta can finish in the first two spots in the conference, they will go to nationals.

The major obstacle for the Bears in the new year may not be on the field. Funding cuts, which have affected every institution on campus, have hit Bears soccer hard. The team is now almost entirely dependant on fund raising activities from their young alumni base.

"They [the alumni] are having to become responsible for a much greater proportion of our operating budget," Vickery said. "They are not just working to make the program a little bit better, but they are working to actually cover our base budget."

Assuming that fundraising is successful, the 1994 season looks to be another successful one for the Bears. They should be able to finish in the top two or three in the conference, and possibly take a trip to the nationals, erasing the memories of the eight minutes of failure they faced in 1993.

### THE BEARS GAME-BY-GAME

Sunday, September 19	
Saskatchewan	0
Alberta	4
Saturday, September 25	
Alberta	0
UBC	0
Sunday, September 26	
Alberta	0
Victoria	0
Saturday, October 2	
Calgary	2
Alberta	3
Sunday, October 3	
Lethbridge	0
Alberta	8
Saturday, October 6	
Alberta	4
Saskatchewan	1
Saturday, October 23	
UBC	2
Alberta	0
Sunday, October 24	
Victoria	1
Alberta	2
Friday, October 29	
Alberta	6
Calgary	6
Sunday, October 31	
Alberta	4
Lethbridge	2
CANADA WEST FINAL	
Saturday, November 6	
UBC	2
Alberta	1



Trevor Hancheroff

**Full cheeks ahead! The Bears' Doug Holloway was one of the teams stars this year.**



'93-'94

The Year in Review

# Rough ride for Pandas

## Young soccer team gains valuable experience in '93

by Bob Hall

When University of Alberta Pandas soccer coach Tracy David opened training camp this past September she knew she was in for a rough ride. In the end she was right.

With the exodus of eleven players from the season before, including All-Canadian Janine Wood, the 1993 edition of the Pandas was green. With most of the squad made up of women who were new to University soccer, the Pandas found out just how far youth and enthusiasm for the game could take a team.

"It was a tough year....It was a really tough year," said David. "We had players that were at different levels of development—not just

**"We have players now that are going to be in our program for a long time. I'd say that we are off to a very good start [of rebuilding] already."**

—Tracy David

technically but also tactically. It was hard for me to try and find the balance between the players that were more developed and those that were less developed and that was definitely a challenge for me."

Though it was a rather rocky road, the Pandas did manage to put together a 5-3-2 Canada West record and finish third behind the Calgary Dinosaurs and University of British Columbia Thunderbirds. Not bad, but still the poorest showing in the team's eleven year history. It was the first time an Alberta club has finished lower than second place in the league.

"We had a tough year but I think we are going to be better off for it," said David, who guided the Pandas to the National title in the 1989-90 season. "We have players now that are going to be in our program for a

long time. I'd say that we are off to a very good start [of rebuilding] already."

The first half of the 1993 season was a disaster. Team captain and Canada West All-Star Shannon Rosenow suffered a knee injury in practice after the team's third game and was lost for the season. That, coupled with the Pandas' inexperience, saw Alberta go 2-2-1 after the first five games.

The first half ended on a sour note when they tied the dismal Lethbridge Pronghorns 1-1 on October 3.

"When I look back on it I always think we lost [against Lethbridge], even though we tied," David said. "That was an extremely low point in our season. But after that we did some soul searching and really re-dounded."

In the second half, the Pandas put together an impressive 2-1-2 record and were in the playoff hunt until the end. They ended up missing the post season by two points.

"The highlight was that we really started to believe in ourselves towards the end of the year. It's unfortunate the season wasn't longer or that there were not more teams in the playoffs because I think we were really starting to come on."

The Pandas now wait for the upcoming 1994 season with anticipation. First year players Heather Murray and Heidi Reisch were among the top-five scorers in the league in 1993. Murray was second with six goals and Reisch fourth with four markers. With one season of experience on their side they should be even better next year. Rosenow has recovered from her knee injury and will be back hoping to regain her second team All-Canadian form. Midfielder Helen Harries was a Canada West all-star this season and should be roughing up opponents again this September. The Pandas' other all-star Avril Martin has graduated but may be back pursuing another degree and maybe a Canada West title as well.



Dave Stepinsky

The young Pandas had a rather rough season in 1993, but they managed to make it through and are now rarin' to go this fall. A year wiser and a year better.

### THE PANDAS GAME-BY-GAME

<b>Sunday, September 19</b>	<b>Saturday, October 16</b>
Saskatchewan 0	Alberta 1
Alberta 3	Saskatchewan 0
<b>Saturday, September 25</b>	<b>Saturday, October 23</b>
Alberta 0	UBC 0
UBC 1	Alberta 0
<b>Sunday, September 26</b>	<b>Sunday, October 24</b>
Alberta 5	Victoria 0
Victoria 1	Alberta 3
<b>Saturday, October 2</b>	<b>Friday, October 29</b>
Calgary 3	Alberta 0
Alberta 1	Calgary 2
<b>Sunday, October 33</b>	<b>Sunday, October 31</b>
Lethbridge 1	Alberta 5
Alberta 1	Lethbridge 0

With the team now a year older, the Pandas feel they have the personnel to play with the best in Canada. Regardless of their season record next year they will get the chance since Alberta will host the 1994 CIAU Women's Soccer Nationals.

"We haven't even played a game yet and we are in the National championship," said David. "But there is so much pride in this program that we want to win Canada West and show everybody that we deserve to be there and that we're no free loaders."

It may not be an easy ride to the big show next year, but after this past season's rocky road, it is certain to be a little smoother.

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Canada



# Nationals hangover

by Lisa Kartusch  
Can you believe it?

As sure as there are ten pubs per block in Halifax, the University of Alberta Golden Bears basketball team are the CIAU champions. The Bears, though, are still struggling to believe their superiority in Univer-

**"Coach said at the beginning of the year that if we won nationals we could shave his head bald."**

**—Peter Knechtel**

sity basketball. After compiling a most impressive 18-2 record in Canada West play, and then a 3-0 record at the national tournament against basketball power schools Saint Mary's, Brandon, and McMaster, the Bears are indeed the best team in Canada.

Arriving from Nova Scotia's capital city late Monday afternoon, the Bears met with excited fans and media who were paying tribute to the Bears' latest accomplishment. Yet despite being home for three days now, they are still in astonishment about all of the hype.

"It has sunk in a bit more now," said national tournament all-star Greg De Vries. "Everyone you see says congratulations and that they watched the game on TV."

Though the team now has a number of celebratory engagements in which to attend, they are still waiting for a couple of events to take place that will give even more meaning to their victorious season.

"I think it will sink in the most when the [CIAU championship] banner goes up in the gym," said Bears forward Peter Knechtel. "And when we get to shave coach's head."

Shave coach Don Horwood's head?

"Coach said at the beginning of the year that if we won nationals we could shave his head bald," stated Knechtel.

All of the attention to the team is worthy and honourable, but being a student is the first priority for all of them. That is a difficult consideration to manage for the time being.

"We know that school's number one and basketball is number two, but it's a little hard right now to get back in focus," said Knechtel.

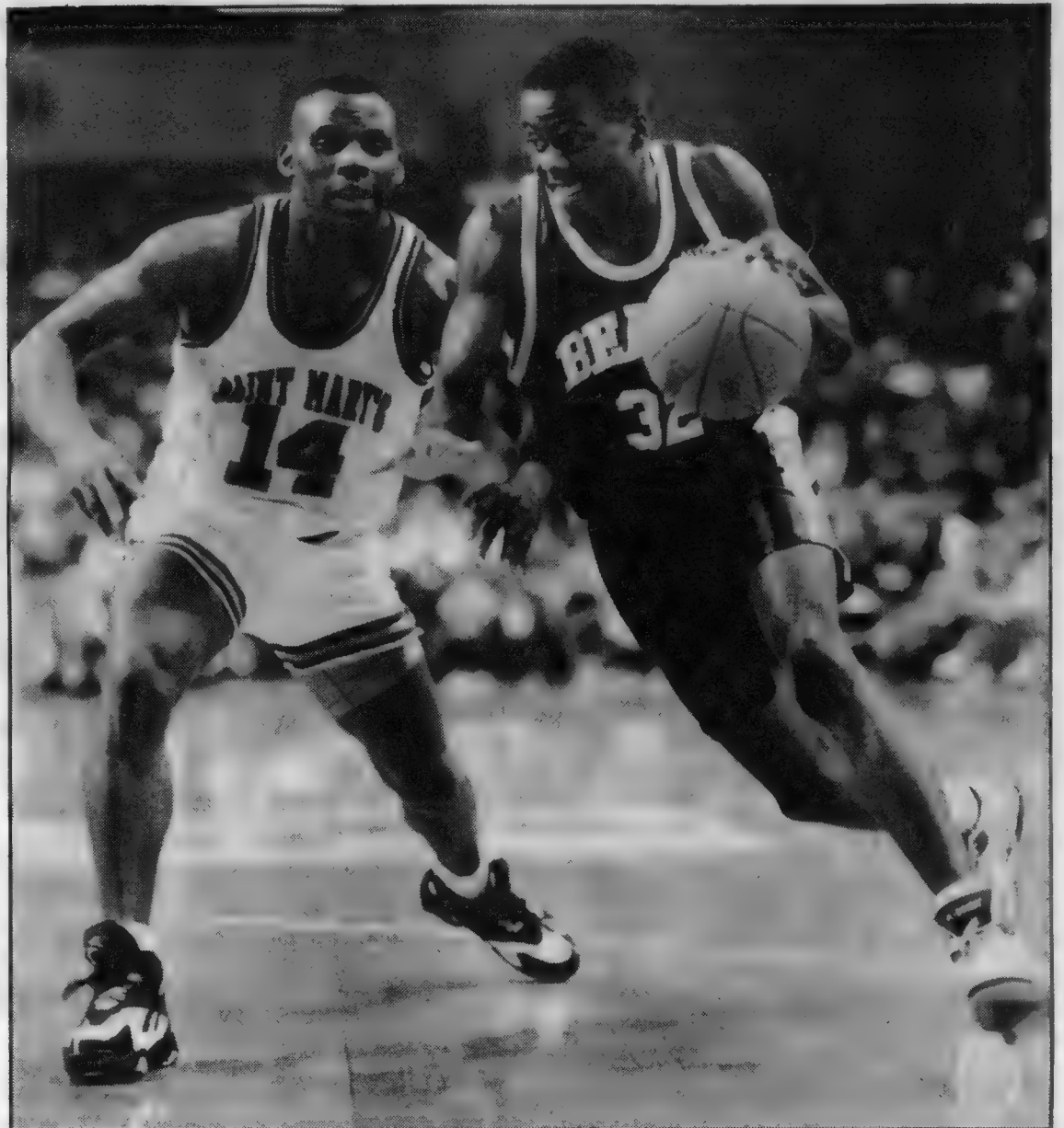
DeVries adds, "I'm having a hard time concentrating on school because of last week, and because the whole year was so great."

The whole year was great, and the Bears have made believers out of us all.

And if you see coach Horwood walking around with a hat on his head, you'll know why.

## GOLD MEDALS

Thanks primarily to his 35 points in the first game against Saint Mary's, De Vries made the tourna-



Kevin Gulayets

**Happy dribblin'. Clayton Pottinger and the rest of the Bears are trying to settle into the school thing after the biggest sports weekend of their lives.**

ment all-star team at the nationals. Joining the Bears three-point machine was Troy Jones (Cape Breton), Keith Vassell (Brandon), Shawn

Francis (McMaster) and Jack Vander Pol (McMaster). De Vries was the player of the game in the first game, Clayton Pottinger was

the selection against Brandon in game two, and Murray Cunningham was the man in the final against McMaster.



*See that twisted old figure used  
to be a man  
Squeezing the juice out of Lysol  
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*—Spirit of the West*

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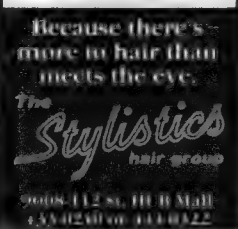
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The Coffee Company

## Three

To The Card Players: Are you in University because the 90210 gang is? From Dylan, Steve, and Brandon.

To the loud, obnoxious card players in CAB—University is for academia, not social butterflies! SHUT UP!

Card players—Roses are red, violets are blue, card playing morons, what an IQ. From a real student.

Bob and Kevin: Welcome home. We missed you. Actually, no we didn't, but it's nice to have familiar scents around.

To all the card playing twits: Have you been black-jacking off hard lately?

Card players: How long does it take you to think about where you have to sit after a round of asshole?

Card players, I wish I was being curved against you. From the rest of the class.

To the guy who closed the door nice and quietly on March 15, thank you.

Happy Birthday Preppy Bunny.

Way to go BEARS!

Happy 22nd Birthday C.N.S.! From the Posse. P.S. No, you're not old.

Brad, where are you? Let's go for that drink already. Respond in TLF. Hurry!! M.

Perhaps if you studied more often, you wouldn't be so stressed! From an anal retentive.

Egg-man. When do we start our restaurant? Sexy.

To Fish: I've got a rod and a hook. You're the bait! Sally.

SUB Voting pollsters TR Noon. Blonde who lost her wallet and friend think U.2 R smokin'! RSVP Poll Admirers.

To Kien/m: Good to see you get caught off guard. K4—So it wasn't your B-Day...götcha anyways! Ha!

Hey! Do you know Chris Woo? I do, and so should you!

Idiot with the Dallas Cowboy hat and Mondetta sweatshirt—SHUT UP ASSHOLE! (Soc 100 B1)

G. Sader, haven't seen U since Ed Psych 163, are you interested? Interested.

Br Hair and I'd Wrangler Man from Math 120 C1—C U in AG @ 12 & 12 & from GSB MWF. Brunette with long hair, red coat, and colourful cap. Would like to say hi!

Happy 20th Birthday, Susanne @>>>—The Phantom

I have created something I cannot stop! You people know what I mean—Shadow on 2K

Tall, dark, handsome in blue sweatshirt and shorts (Greg)? C U in WT Rm. Want to say hi but I'm 2 shy. Will U? Short blonde.

## Lines

JOHNNY HOLLYWOOD!

N.H. I know it's hard, but TRY to remember your FRIENDS!

To my loving Amok—The sun is shining high and spring has just sprung. Let's go to E.M. Park, get some exercise and maybe...run! Love your Ruthie.XXX000

SHEER nylons—Well, the year's almost over and we survived! Congratulations on Prez! You are and will be A-W-E-S-O-M-E!

LB! A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle! S7

PJ: gerbil, gerbil, gerbil. I just like saying that word. - Smallfry

Spuzburn: Hey, life's a bag o' bones, sometimes you chew the fat but don't let it get under your skin. From Sassafras.

Shoulder length brunette, greensweater, blue Kodiak backpack, pink key chain, black leather coat. Saw you in SUB and bus # 169 Last Fri. R U free? Reply here to Busboy.

Marky Moose: I hope you found a new friend to help pick your belly button lint.

Your ship is sinking Admiral! Learn to play above the rim because no one wants to be defeated. Beware, Rizzo's Fe Real!

Newshound Julie: Sniff me. Sweet smelin' man.

Stinky: You might smell, but the smell is mine alone. Kiss kiss. Lupus.

Carleton: Let's get this "Sarty Parted Right" and you're gonna hit the Floor 'cause you know I can fade the f! Shockla Blue

Jenny-Poo: Rocketeer! Love your W

Lisa in ENCS—In my eyes you are the sweetest lady that ever I looked upon. Are you available? RSVP to Den.

Kanaka: You bring the poi and I'll bring the fish. Love, Wahine.

## Free

Eric—I'm no longer sure *what* my motive was...

B.A.D. The Dragon's Gate was closed, but my portal is always open SaVaGe.

Congrats, Minneymouse! Love, Luliemonster.

To Jeremy and Darren, just shut the FUCK up. RLS 121

To Jeremy and Darren, just shut the FUCK up. RLS 324.

You bet I'm straight. Straight as an arrow. Girl in Soc 210.

D'Freckie—As finals approach and your stress level rises, think of mountains, blue sky, and nights in our "First Home." ILY - Small

Waloo—Where are you? If I find you, will you critique some art with me? You're so good at it.—Staph-man

TLF Jeff: let's go to the greenhouse so I can watch your FLOWER grow. Love Akemi.

Hey Flimsy: Miss ya lots. Stay Flimsy 26 more days till you can get non-self-induced-unflimsified. Stock up on the socks! Your fiancé, Jody.

LEDIG! Drive my van. Touch Mr. Woo. Love a monkey. Cats!

Darren and Jeremy in RLS 330: shut the fuck up, some of us want to learn. The rest of the class.

Shauna K, finally here is your TLF, sorry it took forever. Zerbab GSR.

To my white wolf: Saturday is going to be a very special day. Hope you're ready to be seduced. I love you—Panther.

Jason, so is she a really a good F-F-F-FRIEND? Did she compliment you on your big c-c-c-car? Happy Birthday!

To my LRT Buddies—Try not to be so grumpy in the morning. After all, you have my company to cheer you up! Signed Chipper.

To Caruso Jay: Sing me your sweet song of unrequited passion. That is what I feel for you. Cats.

## Movie Station

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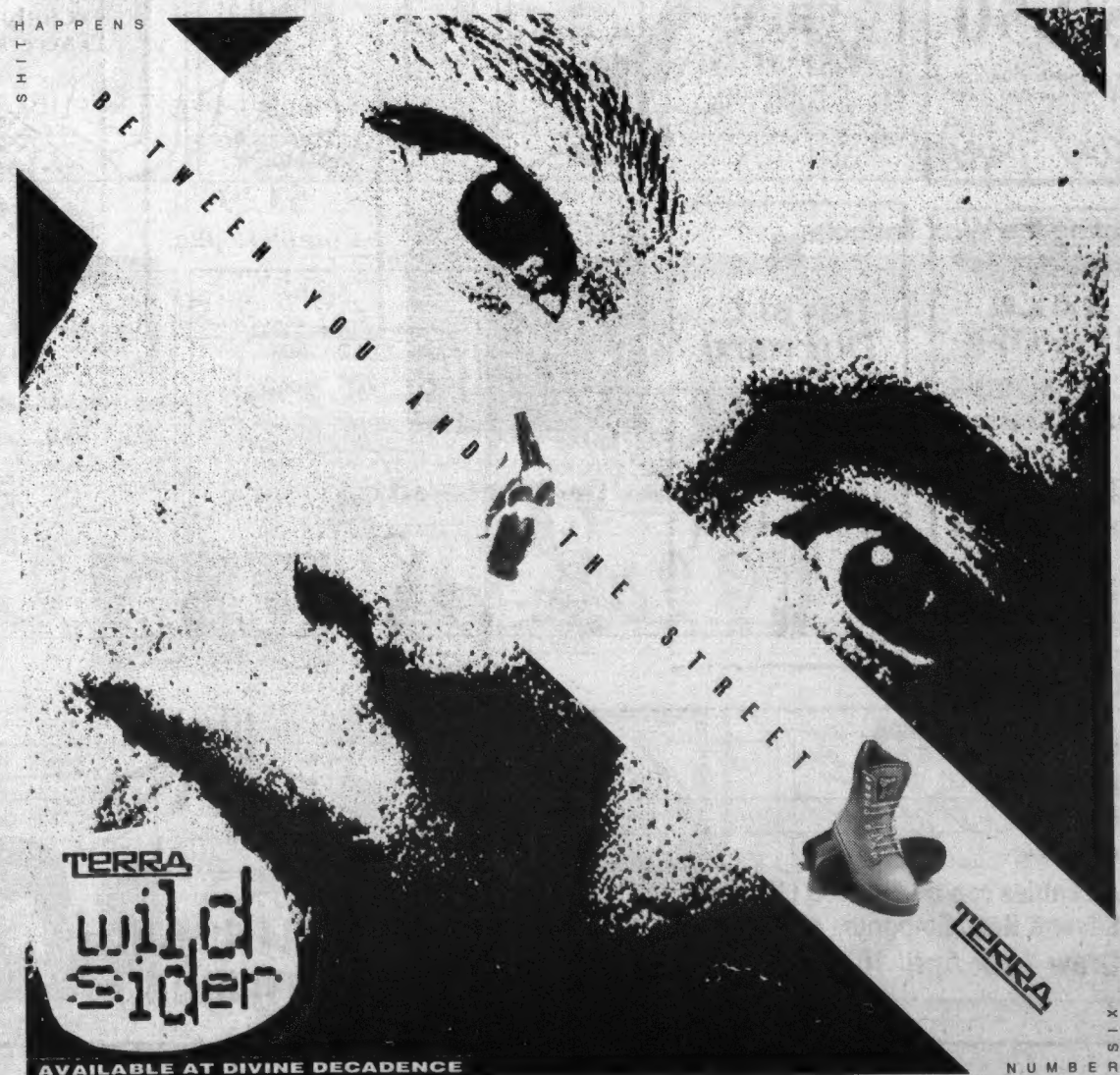
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NUMBER



# COMICS

Managing Editor Fish Griwkowsky 492-5178

## Poo Poo



## The Germ



## Space Moose



## Biting the Wax Tadpole



## Campus Ninja





## The Infinity Squadron

WHILE EMORY, AKA THE BROWN MOTH OF THE INDOMITABLE INFINITY SQUADRON STREAKS BACK TO EARTH FROM THE TIMELESS WORLDS OF SPACE WITH HIS MYSTERIOUS ALLY DAAKH-TOR OF THE RHUGS, D.I.R.T. FUHRER DR. MALEXANDER BRAID UNLEASHES HIS SCHEMES FOR GLOBAL OPINIONAL HEGEMONY!

WELL, PERHAPS LIFE IS A LITTLE DIFFICULT WITHOUT TUBE-BOM, BUT I CAN ALWAYS RELAX WHILE WATCHING B.V. ...

THIS... IS BNN--  
CLICK  
BBC-- CAN-ADA'S PUBLIC BROADCASTER  
CLICK  
B-5...  
ABC  
CBS  
NBC

OR PERHAPS I'LL READ THE NEWSPAPER ...

The Journal \$5.00  
Boutros-Boutros  
Gift of BN cables:  
"Braid right about everything!"  
--"Told you so," says Braid.  
Braid prices to the blue  
Braid wins best actor

OR READ FROM MY BENCYCLOPEDIA BRAIDANNICA...

B-B B-B B-B B-B B-B  
BRAID  
BRAID  
BRAID  
BRAID  
BRAID

OR VISIT CITY BALL...

CAN NO ONE STOP THIS UNHOLY BADNESS?? BUT BRAID HAS FORGOTTEN ONE RAZOR-SHARP MEMBER OF THE OO SO... DRAUPADI!

HELD SAFE WALK

## Stripsearch

LOOK, JACOB - I'LL LEVEL WITH YOU, THERE'S ONLY THREE SCHEDULED STRIPS LEFT THIS YEAR, AND STILL NOTHING. YOU'RE OUR LAST HOPE.

NOT A PROBLEM, DUKE - I'VE GOT A COMPLETELY BRILLIANT SCRIPT.

YEAH?

OKAY, PICTURE THIS: TWO GUYS AT A BUS STOP, AND STANDING BESIDE THEM IS A CLOWN - Y'KNOW, RED NOSE, BIG SHOES... THE WHOLE BIT.

HEH HEH... GO ON...

SO ONE GUY SAYS, "HEY, HOW DO YOU PISS OFF A CLOWN?" AND THE OTHER GUY SAYS "I DON'T KNOW HOW DO YOU PISS OFF A CLOWN?"

SO THE FIRST GUY SAYS, "YOU FUCK 'IM UP THE ASS!" AND HE GRABS THE CLOWN AND FUCKS HIM UP THE ASS! HEHEHEHEHEHEH...

MOTHER OF GOD...

WHAT DID I TELL YOU? BRILLIANT, RIGHT?

GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE, YOU FREAK! WHAT KIND OF DEGENERATE WOULD FIND THAT FUNNY?!

LATER THAT WEEK...

GIVE IT TO 'IM, SPACE!!!

## Cornhead

## Banished to the Bootroom

I'M LOST, I'M REALLY LOST

THEN I PASSED THE PLASTIC HOUSE...

HEY BRAD, WHAT'CHA WATCHING.

DO YOU KNOW WHY OUR GENERATION IS SO SCREWED UP?

WELL, I HADN'T REALLY...

SESAME STREET, MAN.

HAVE YOU WATCHED ONE OF THE OLD ONES LATELY? THEY'RE INSANE. THE WHOLE SHOW IS A STRING OF DESULTORY IMAGES. NO WONDER NONE OF US CAN THINK LINEARLY OR CONCENTRATE FOR MORE THAN 30 SECONDS.

YOU'RE REGRESSING, AREN'T YOU.

JIM HENSON WAS ON ACID.

CHRY

## Frat Boy

WOW! JOHN LENNON! I LOVED YOU IN "HELP!" SORRY, MAN THIS IS A PRIVATE PARTY. GREEKS ONLY. HOPE YOU GET OVER THAT DEATH THING...

WOW! MICHAEL JACKSON! TOO BAD, SCOUT LEADER, CAN'T GO IN. THIS IS A PRIVATE PARTY RESTRICTED TO GREEKS, MOONWALK THATTAWAY!


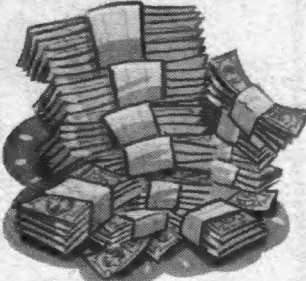

HOLY! ALIENS FROM GAMMA QUADRANT 6! SORRY FELLAS NO RAY GUNS ALLOWED IN, BESIDES, IT'S GREEKS ONLY,

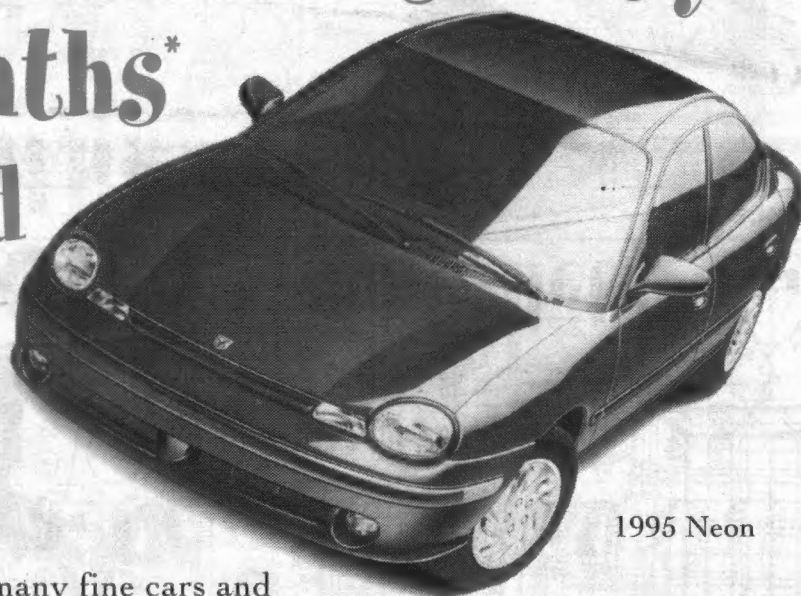
WHOOA! SOCRATES! SORRY DUDE, I CAN'T LET YOU IN. THIS PARTY IS ONLY FOR GR... UH... UM...

OH.

HEY! AT LEAST TAKE OFF YOUR SANDALS YOU SMART ASS PRICK!

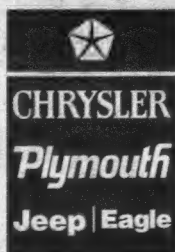


Whether the ink  is still drying on your degree, or it's been gathering **dust** for a year or two, one thing's for sure: you're on your way. But remember: mom said **never** accept **rides** from strangers - **so** instead get a **lift** from the **Chrysler Graduate Program** by  cutting the coupon/certificate/thing off the bottom of this page.<sup>†</sup> It won't add any more letters after your name but it will subtract another \$750 off the **best deal** you can make at your friendly neighbourhood **Chrysler dealer**. It also lets you **put off** paying for **3 months**<sup>\*</sup> because  even on the road to success, you can **run** into the occasional **speed bump**!



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